





Volume 1, Number 7
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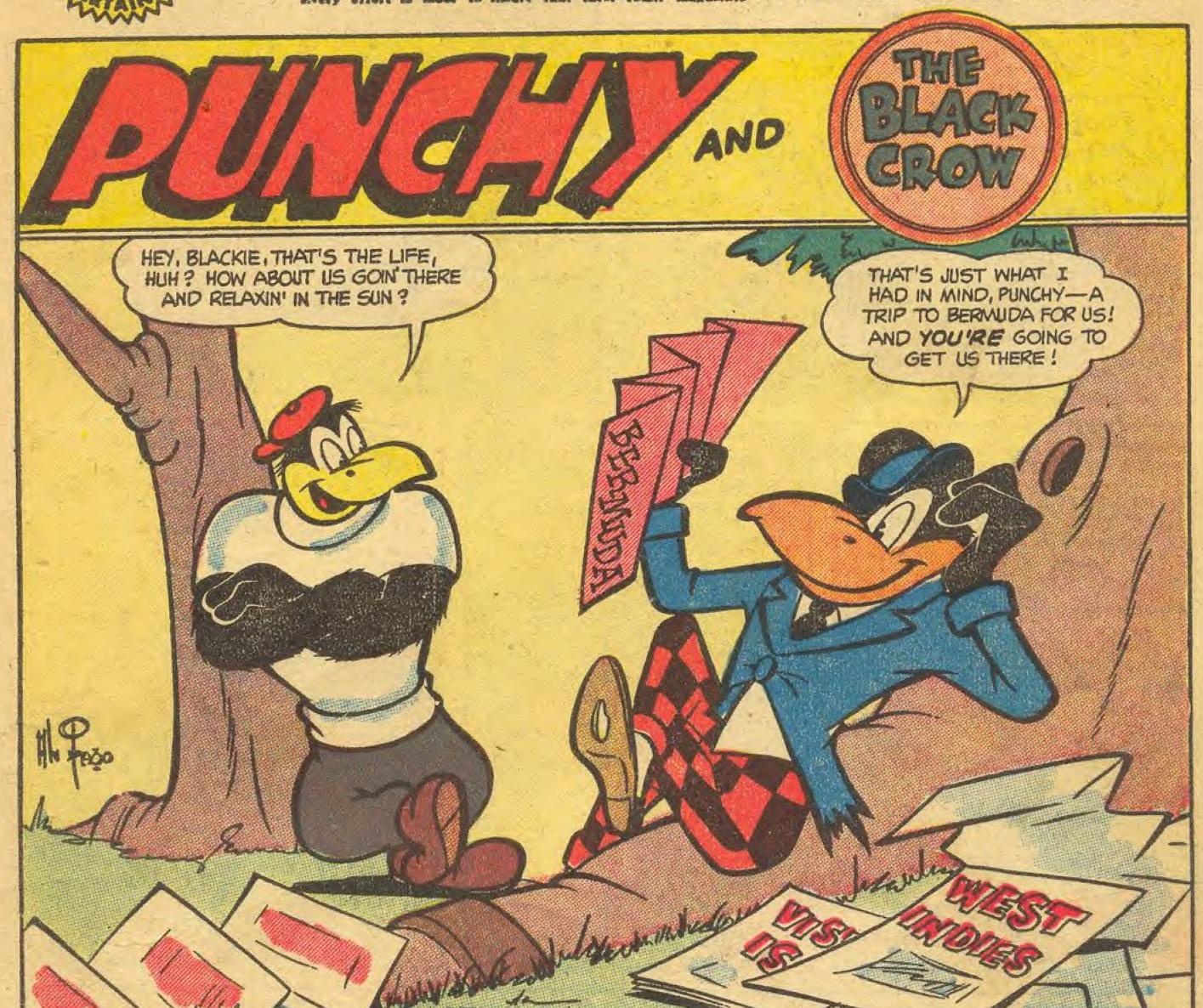
Designed by Al Fago Studios

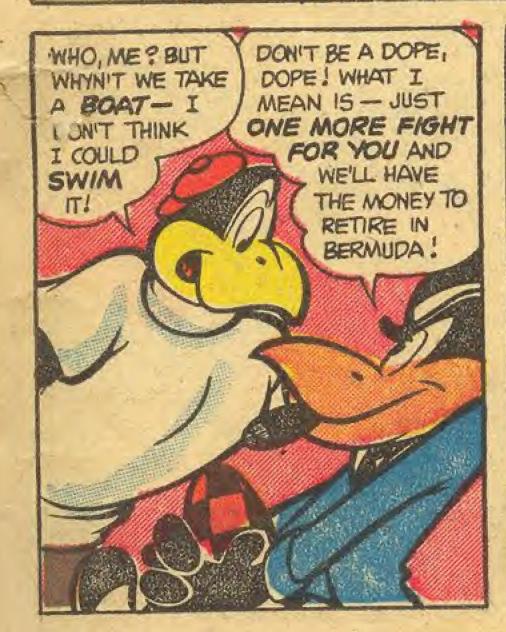
Printed in the U.S.A.

zoo funnies

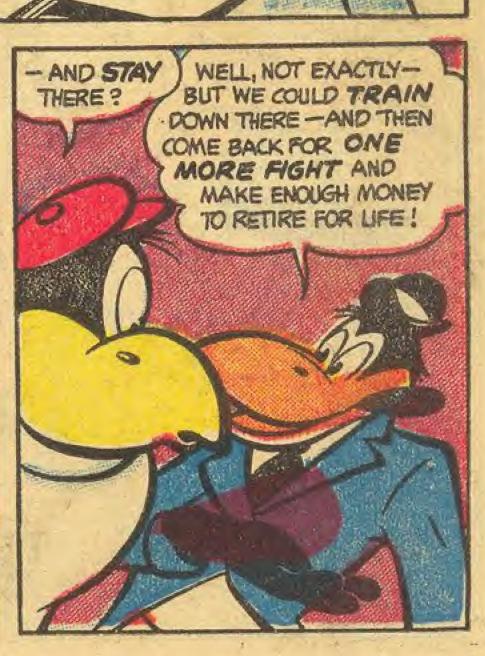
The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION.

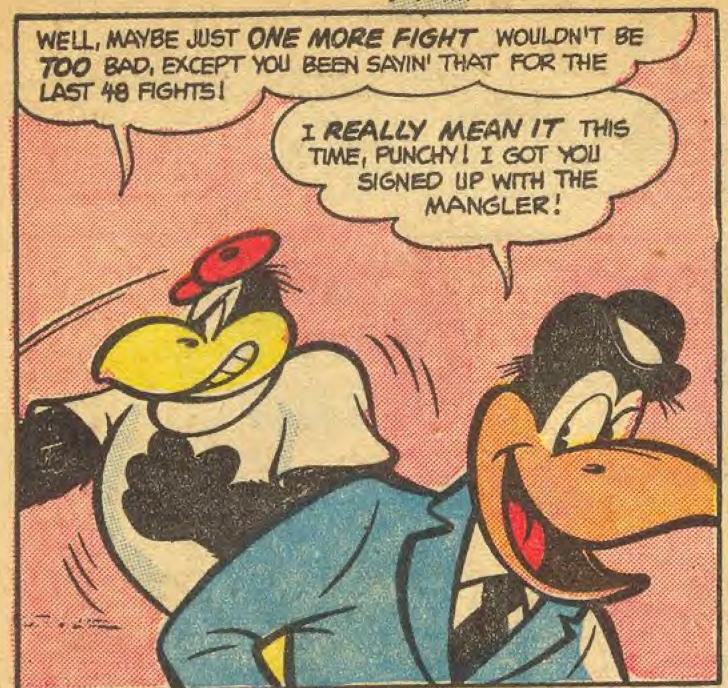
ATOMIC MOUSE & COWROY WESTERN HEROES & CRIME AND JUSTICE & FUNNY ANIMALS EHI dig this crasy comic & HAUNTED & HOT RODS AND RACING CARS & ZOO FUNNIES LASH LARUE WESTERN & TROCKY LANE WESTERN & RACKET SQUAD & SIX-GUN HEROES ROMANTIC STORY & SCIENCE-FICTION SPACE ADVENTURES & STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES SWEETHEARTS & TEX RITTER WESTERN & TRUE LIFE SECRETS & TV TEENS THE THING Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

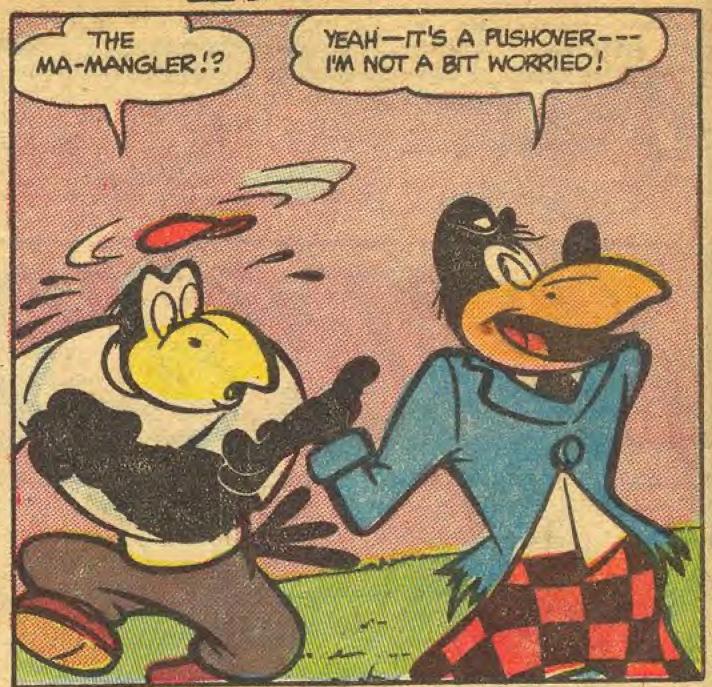










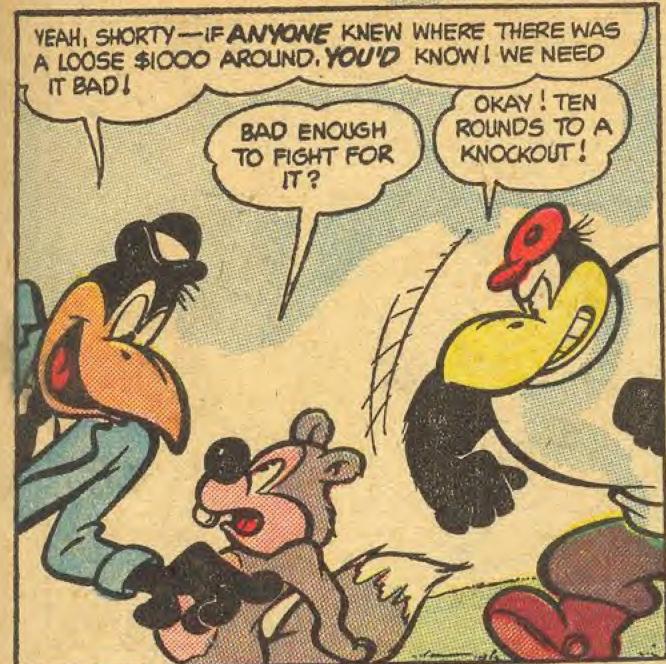


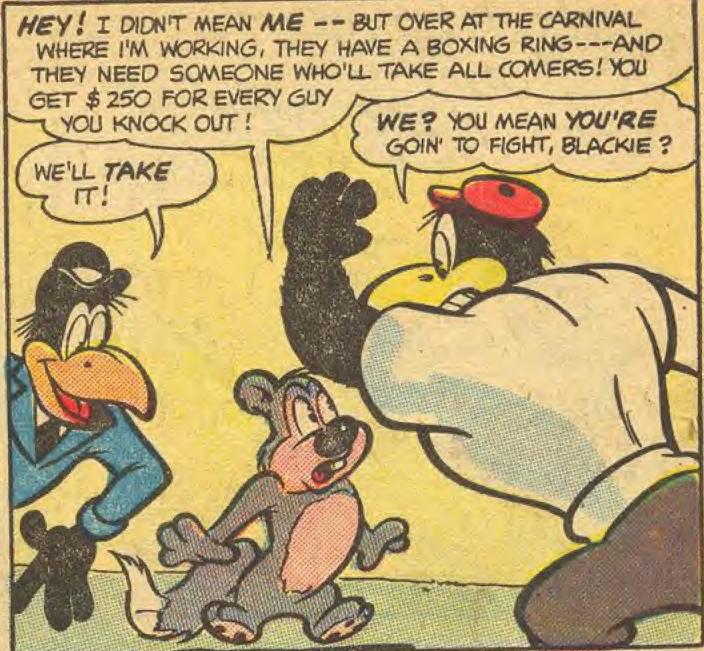










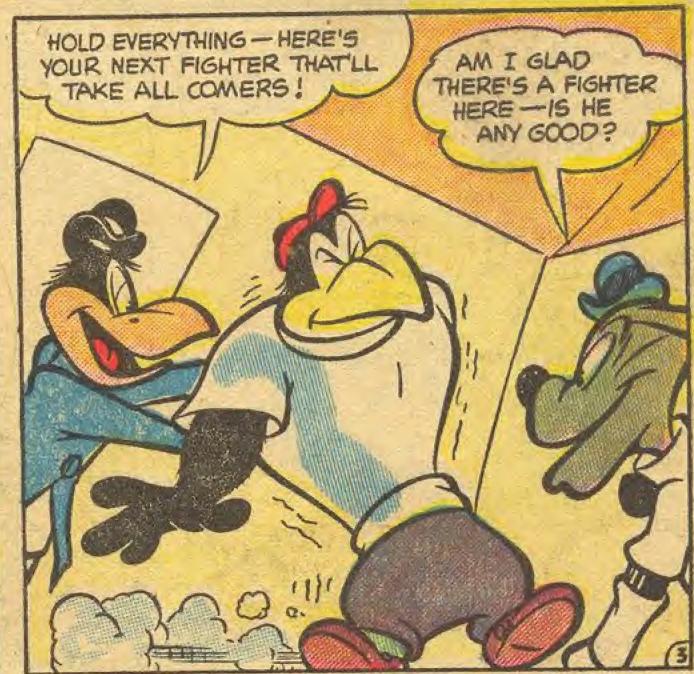




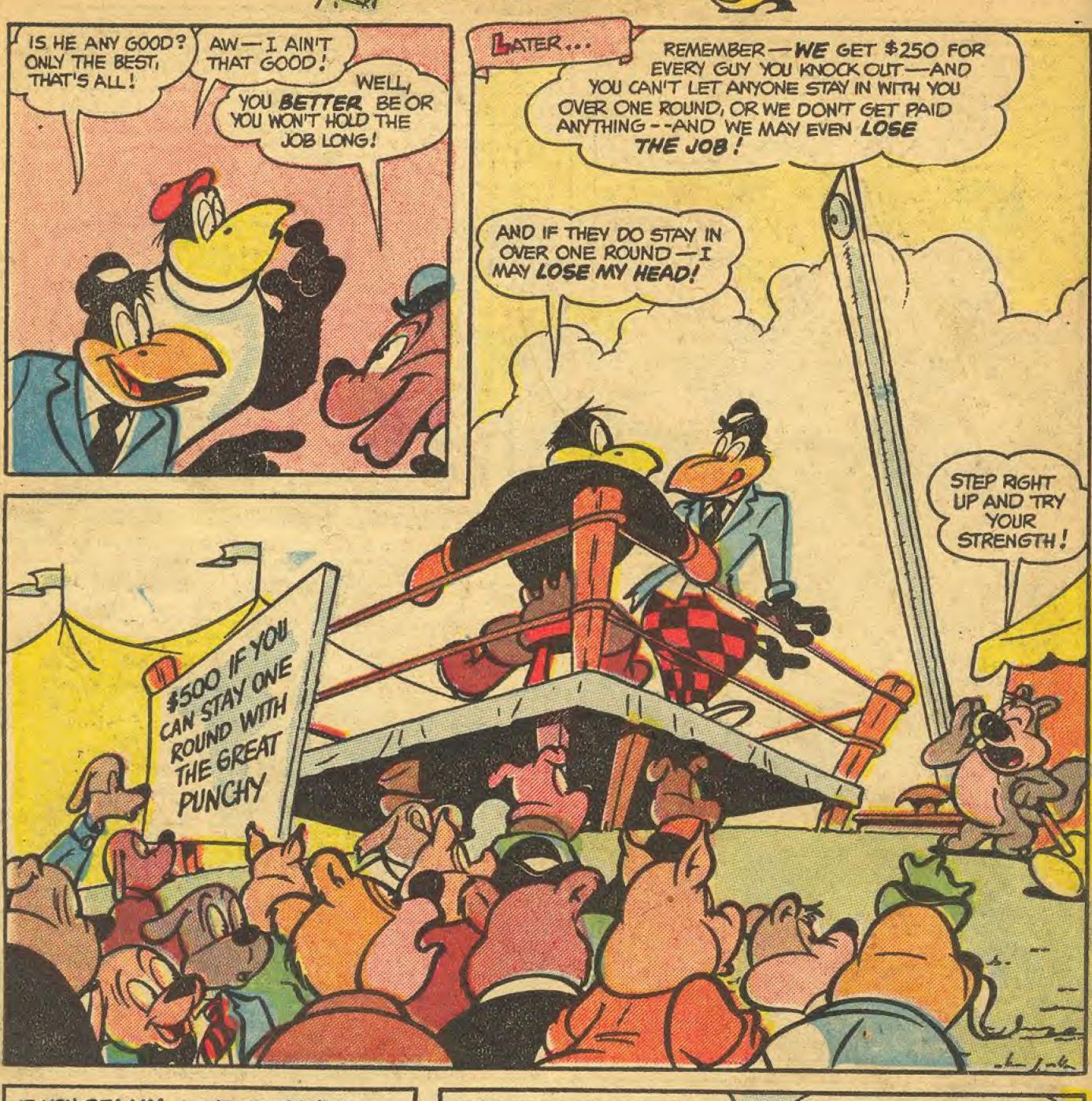


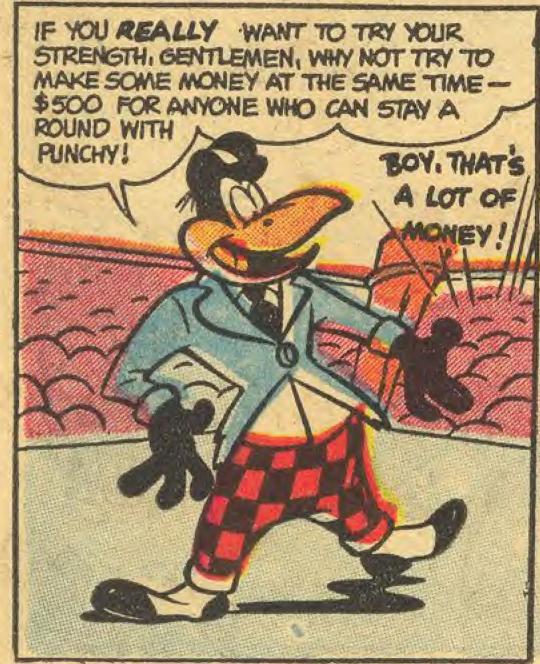


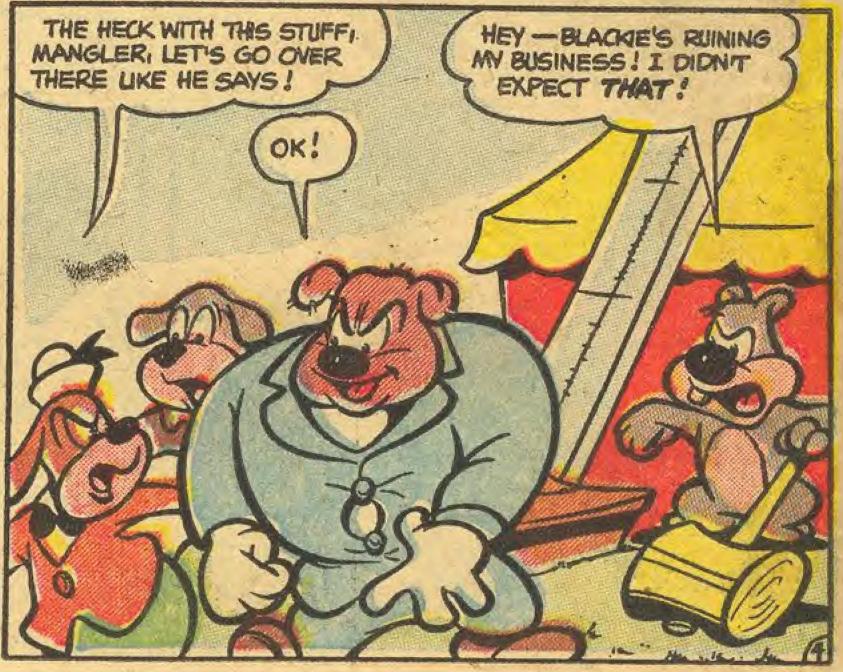


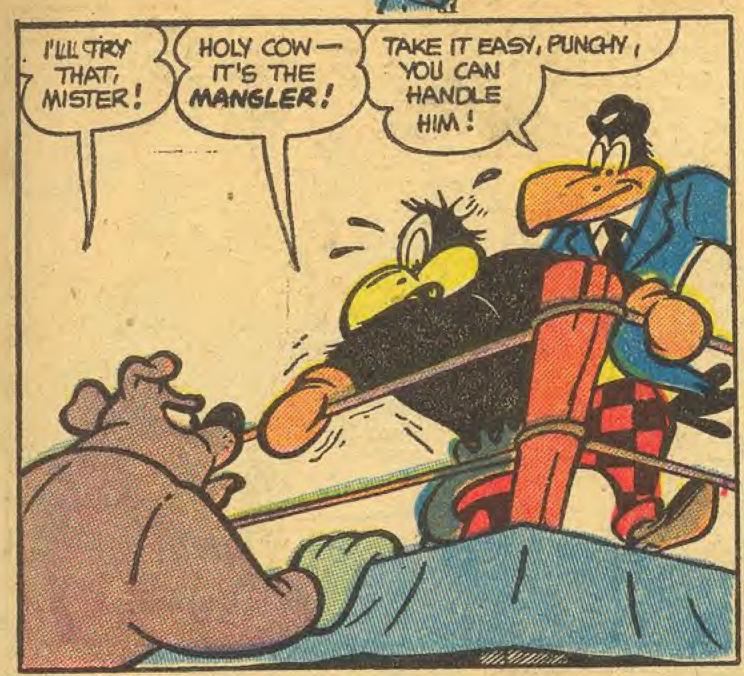






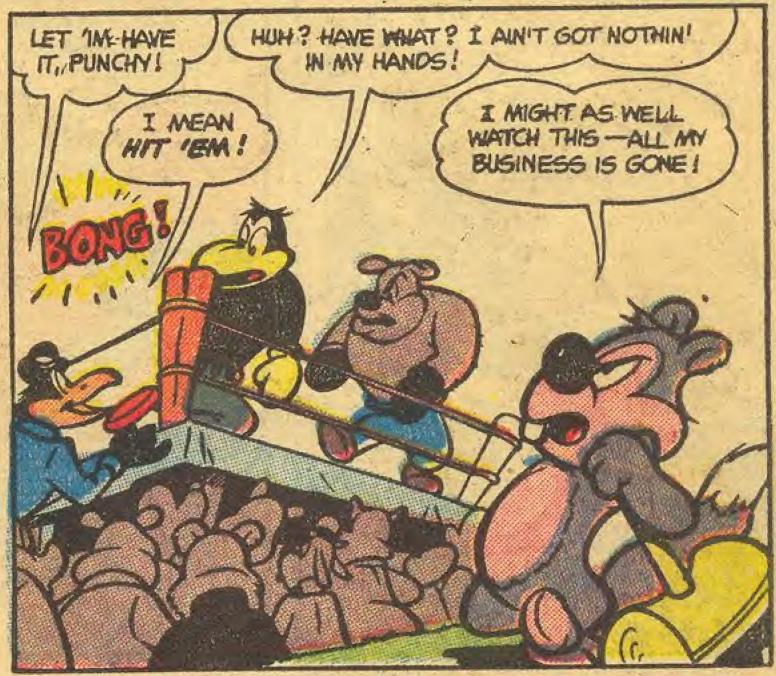








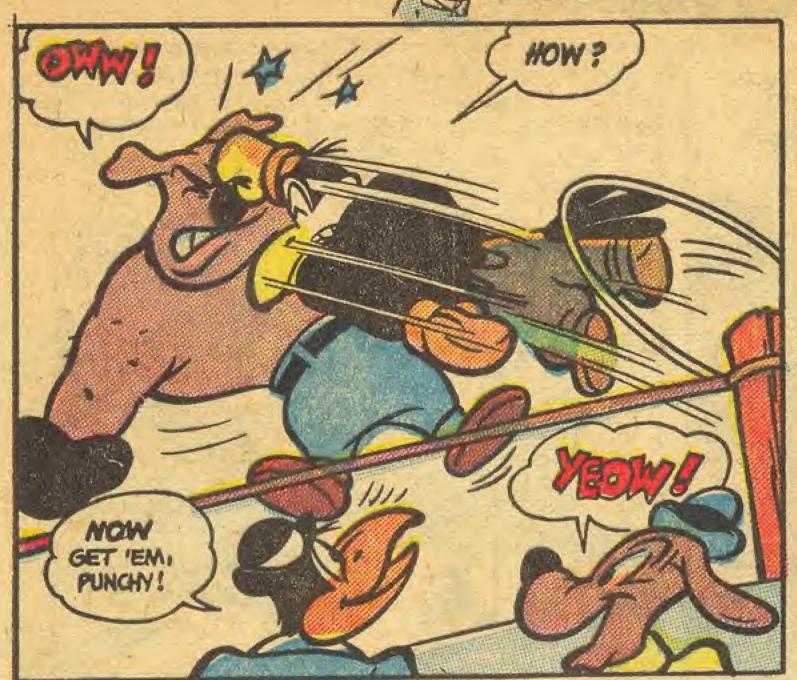




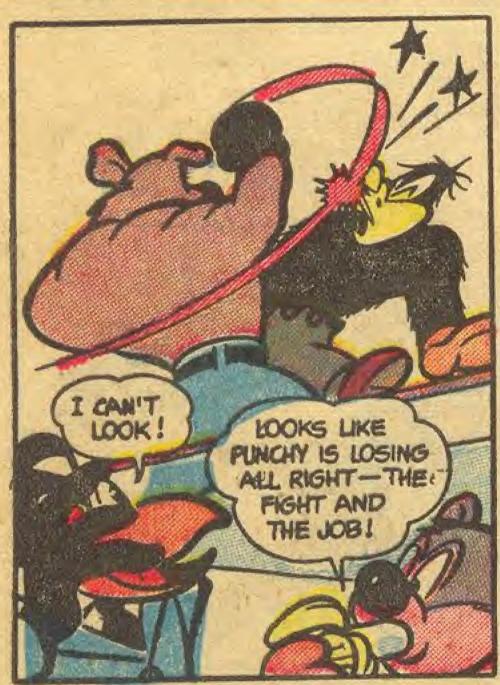






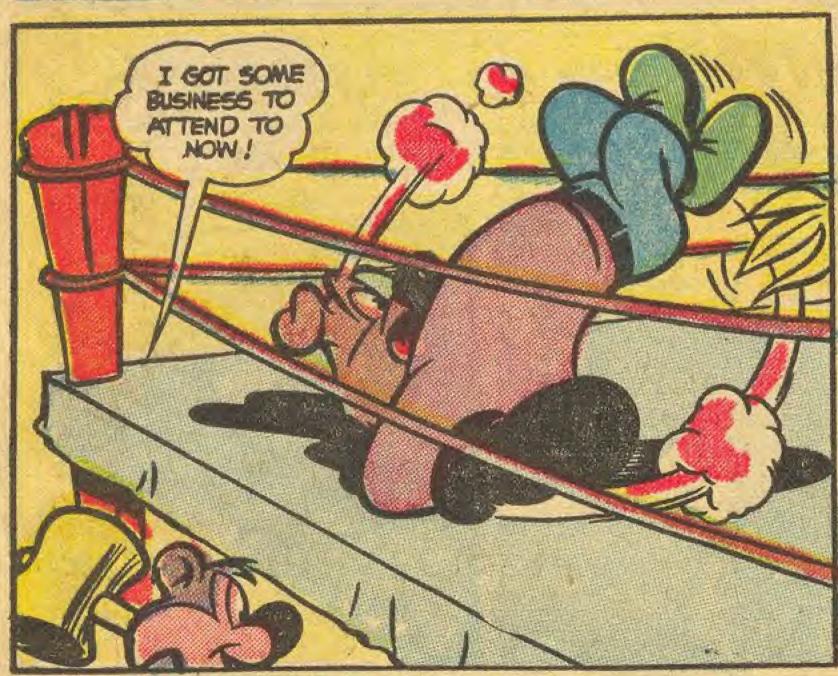














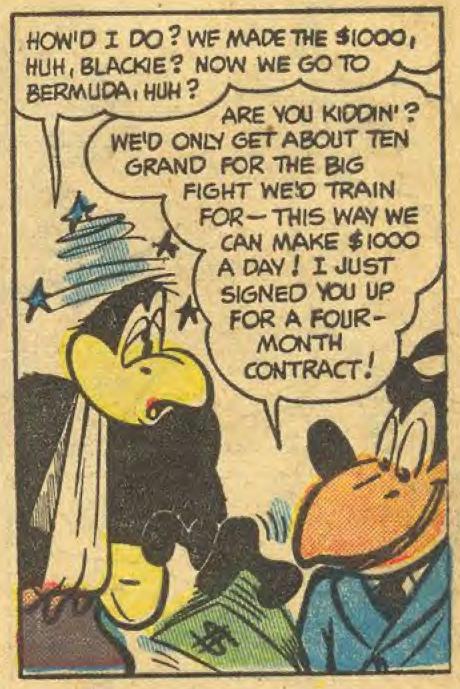




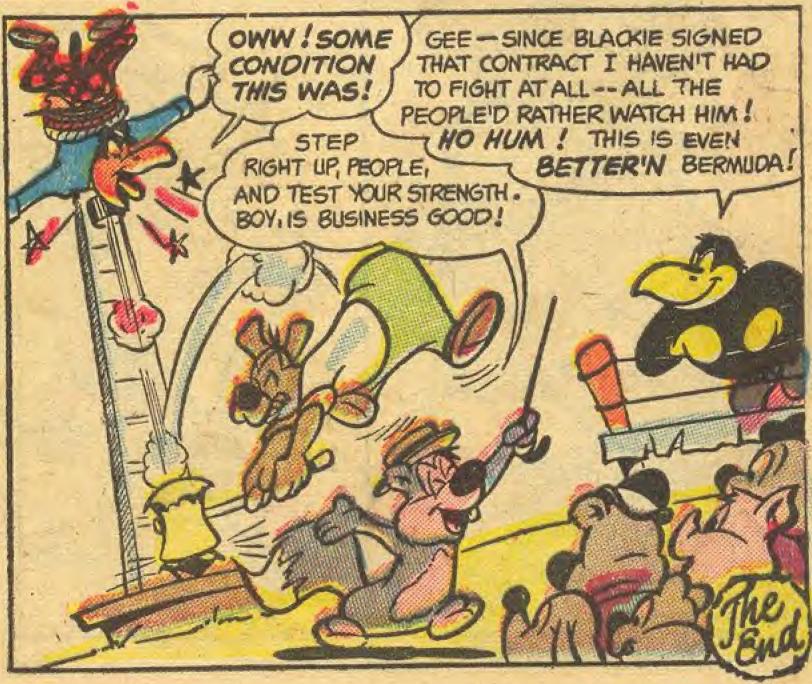




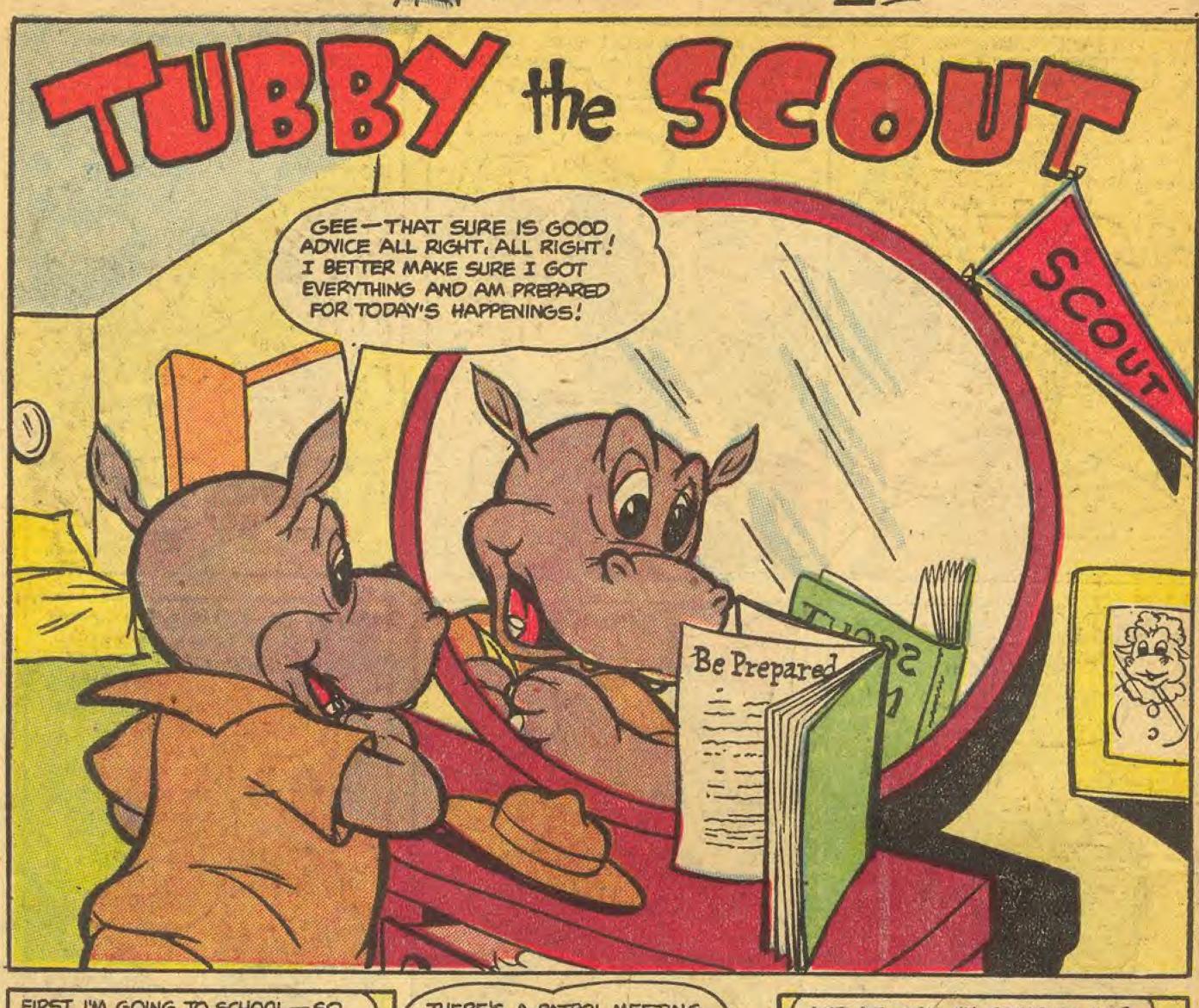


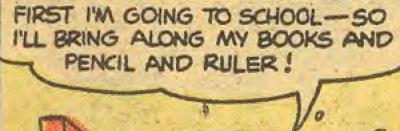






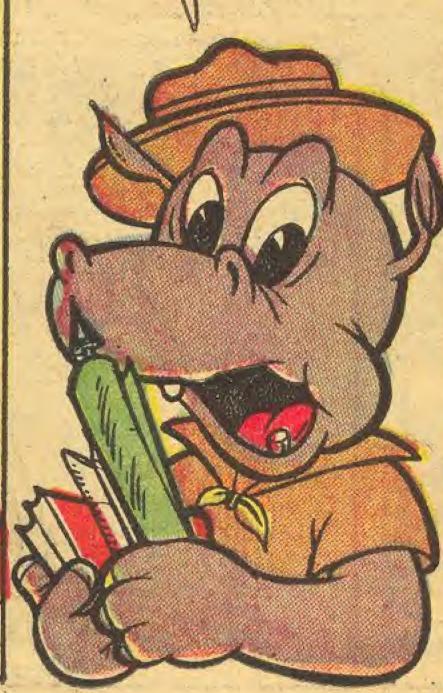








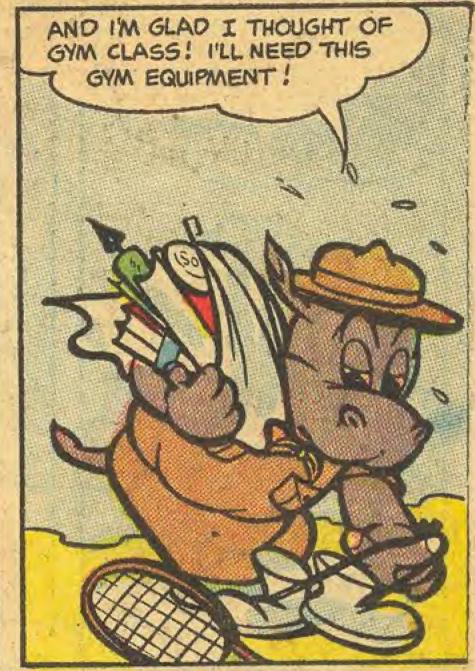
THERE'S A PATROL MEETING AT RUDY RHINO'S AFTER SCHOOL — I BETTER BRING ALONG THIS BOX AND THE PATROL FLAG!



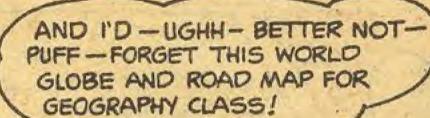
AND AT NOON, I'M GOING TO ADD TO MY LEAF COLLECTION — I BETTER BRING ALONG THIS ALBUM!













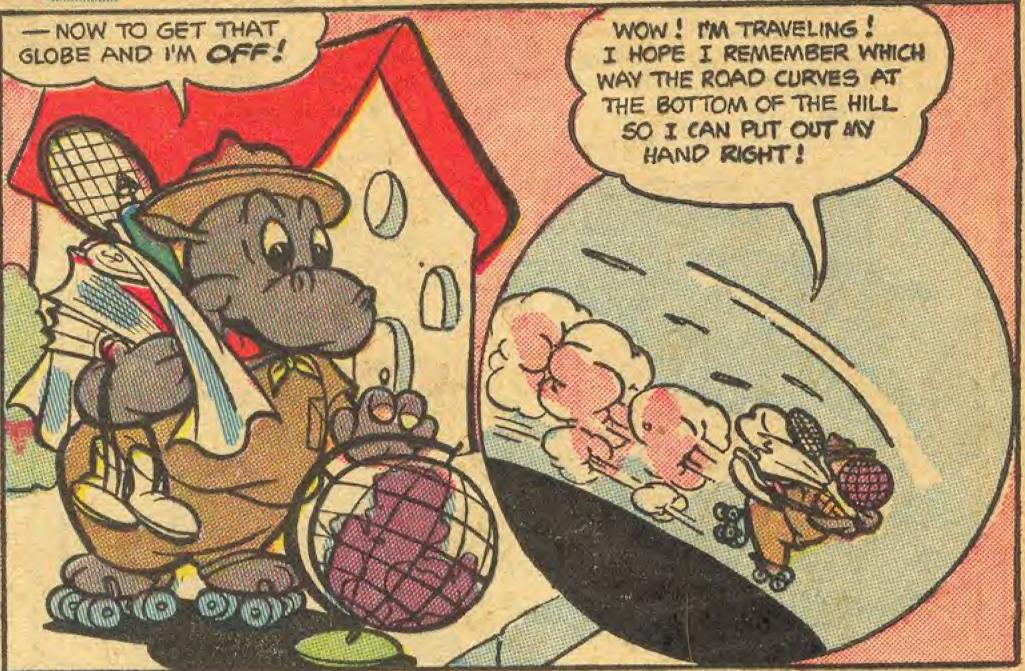
JUST IN CASE I'VE FORGOTTEN ANY-THING, I'D BETTER TAKE THIS SACK OF EXTRA STUFF ALONG! A SCOUT JUST CAN'T BE TOO PREPARED THESE DAYS!

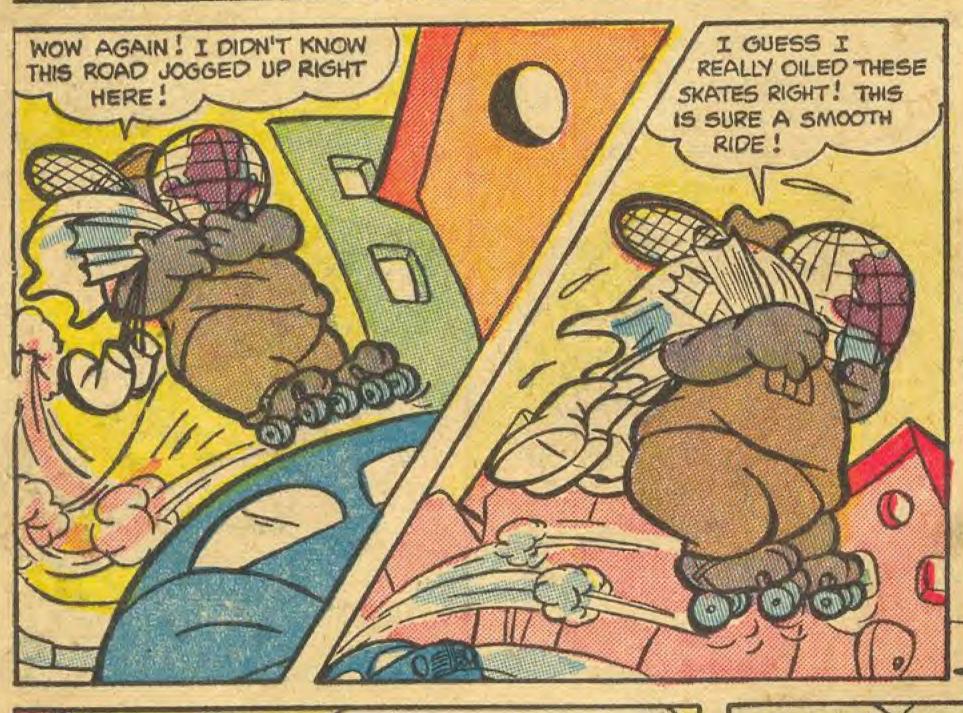


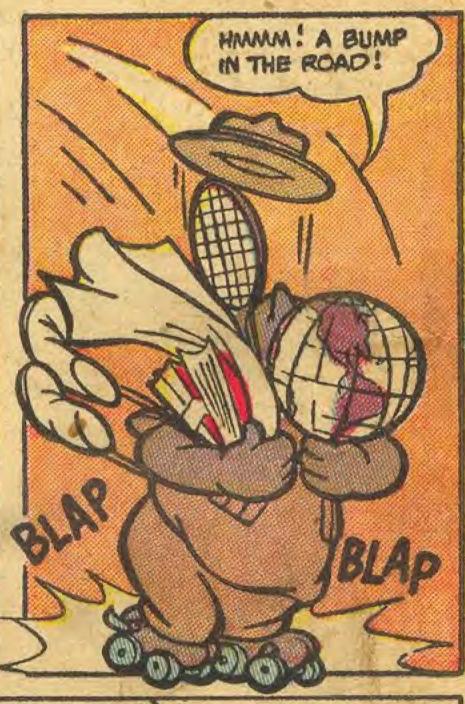








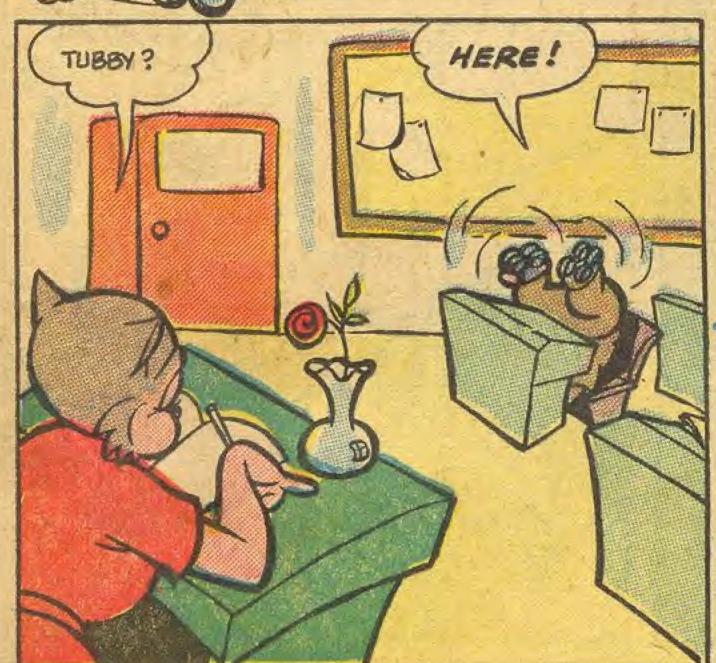




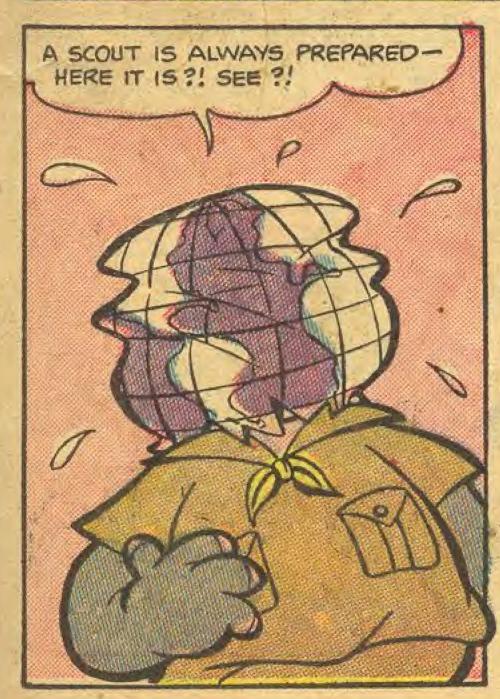










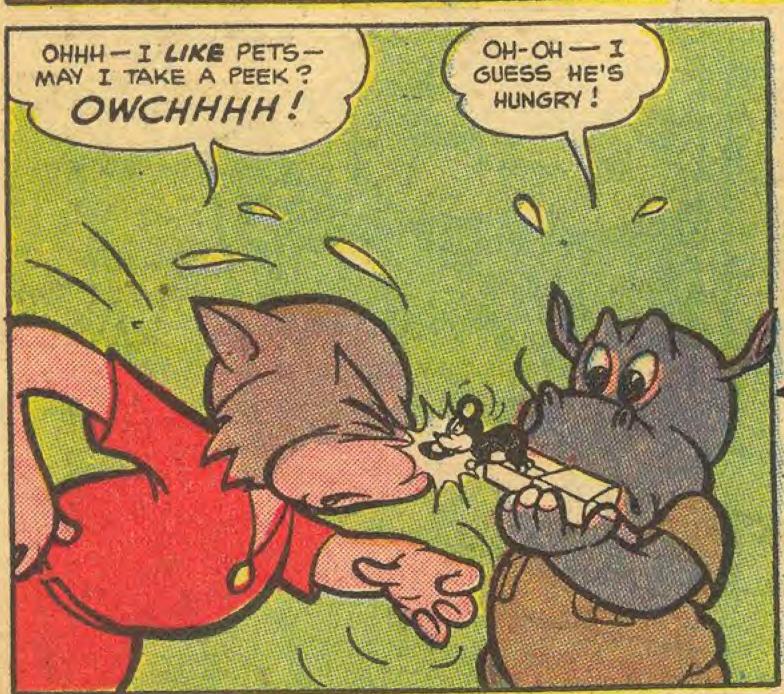






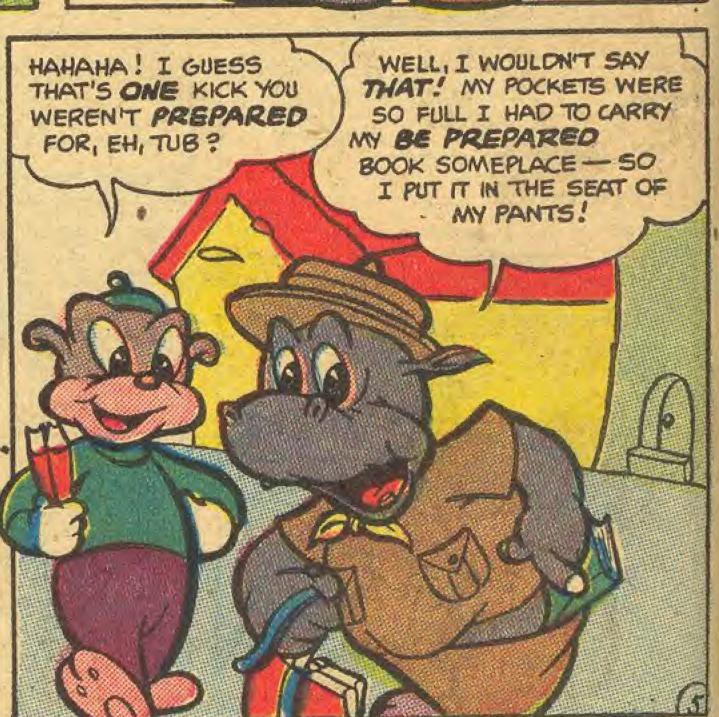




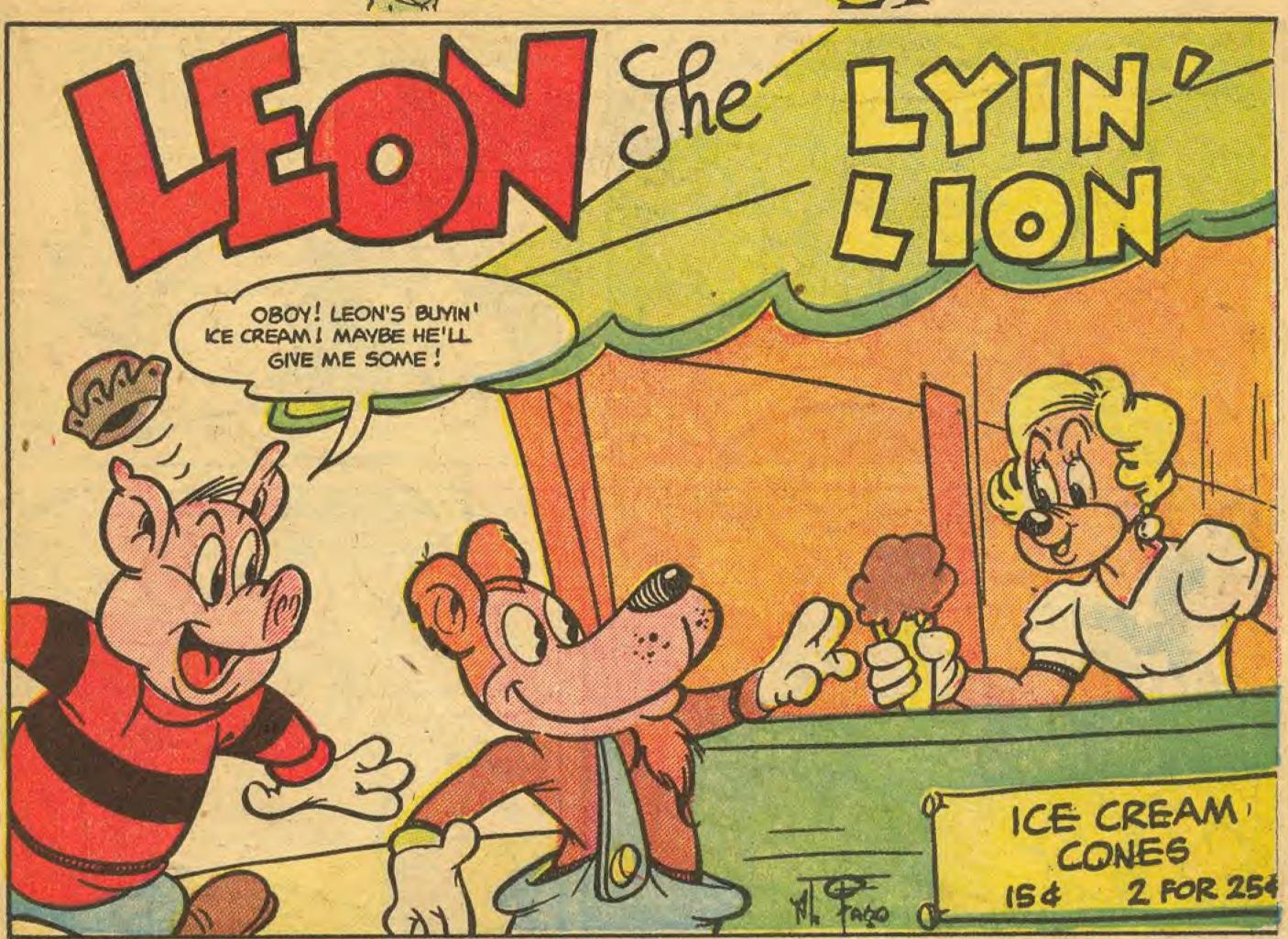


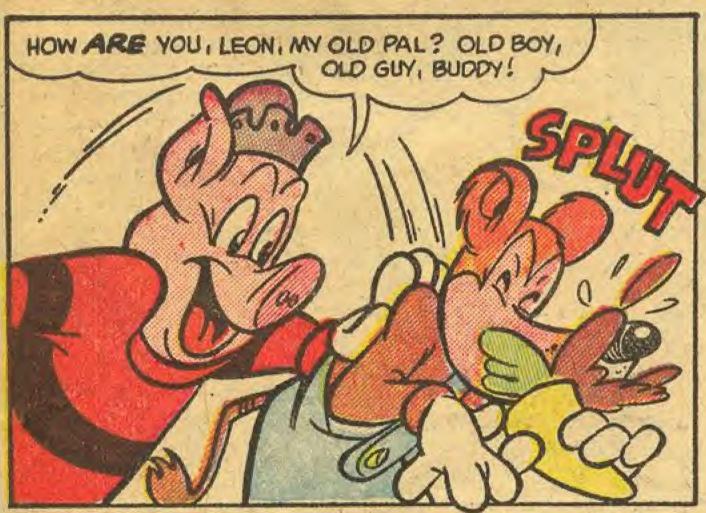






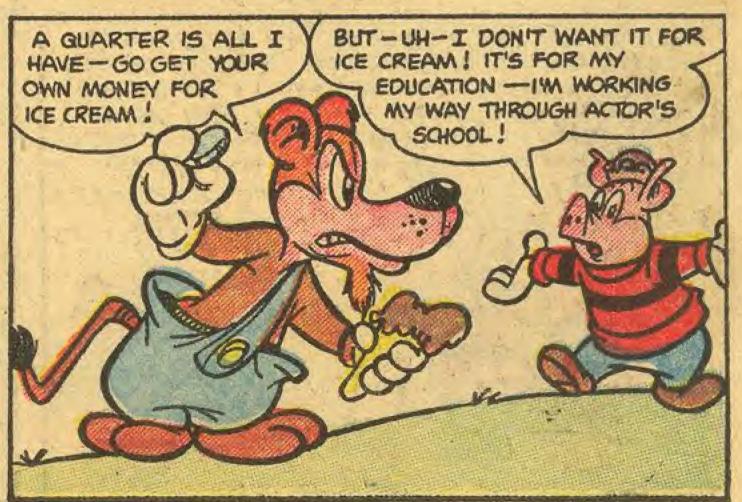










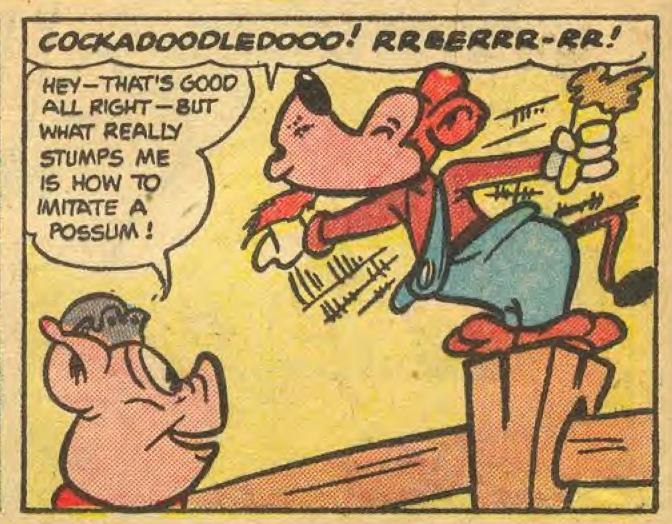


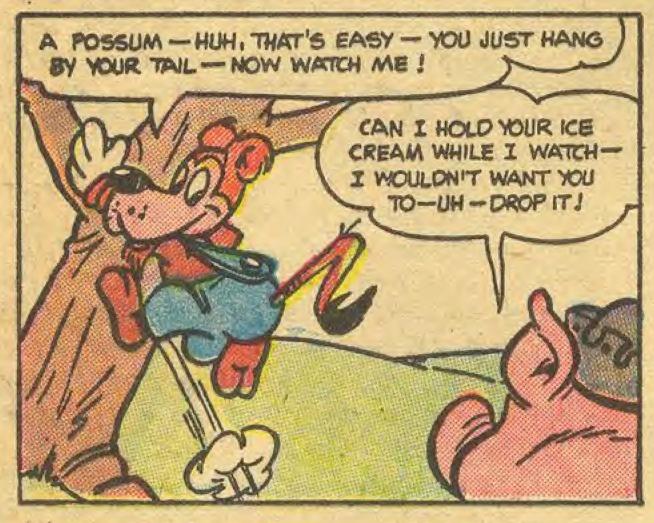
> Zoo funnies





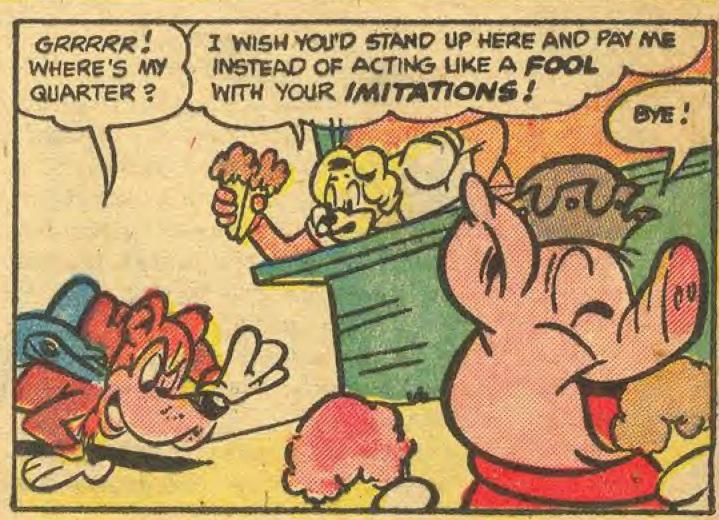












Stuck With The Stick

Herman Ermine was broke. This wasn't an unusual situation for Herman Ermine. But on this particular day, which was April 15, it was a difficult problem. For April 15 was Fuzzy Mink's birthday, and Fuzzy was Herman's best

Sunday girl.

Chin in hand, Herman pondered the ways of the wicked commercial world while seated on a curbstone. Cars sped by, their drivers little knowing or caring about Herman's troubles. One driver was even so unthinking as to flip a cigar butt out the window as he whizzed past. This short and burning cylinder of tobacco landed in Herman's lap, and before Herman became aware of the smell of burning cloth, it had formed a neat and fiery circle around Herman's right pants pocket.

With a screeching "OWCHHH" Herman shot out of his lazy, reclining, dreamy position and did what any young Ermine with hot pants would do. He leaped pocket first into a nearby Curbside puddle of muddy water with relief and a sizzle of fire in water and a deep

"Sighhh"!

"With some people," Herman wetly muttered on arising from the curbside dampness, "money burns a hole in their pocket! With me it has to be someone else's old, soggy cigar butt!" This obviously wasn't Herman's day.

At least that was Herman's attitude as he brushed himself as clean as possible, walking along the crowded streets of New Fork City. Money had never been much of a problem with Herman. It never is when you don't have any, he thought. But today of all days he sure wished he had SOME money so he could get Fuzzy a gift. After all, she was giving a big birthday party tonight and he was invited. It wouldn't be very nice to show up at his best girl's house on her birthday without a gift!

These same thoughts were pursuing one another around Herman's moody, muddy (some mud had settled behind his left ear) mind as he approached a small crowd. They were gathered around a man behind an open suitcase propped on a portable chair. The man was selling something, and he wasn't too quietabout it. With one last look to his appearance, Herman brushed off the front of his jacket and gave a quick polish with his sleeve to the four brass buttons on the front of the jacket. Herman was particularly proud of the buttons on his jacket — they had his initials — HE — on them and these gave Herman a very masculine look. He thought, anyway, that they made him look like a HE-man.

Now he was ready to be seen in public, Herman thought, wondering what the crowd was

looking at and whr.t the man behind the suitcase was selling. Herman was very careful about his appearance, even after jumping in

mud puddles.

"Tell ya what I'm goin' ta do!" the sharpfeatured man behind the suitcase was yelling.
"I'm goin' ta sell to one lucky man in the
crowd — just one lucky man — unless it's a
lucky WOMAN (heh heh) — this MAGIC
BATON! Do I hear any offers?"

He didn't hear any offers. He did hear a few mutterings, though, that sounded something like "It's a gyp!" "Fake!" "Phoney!" Who's he think he is, Scrunninger, yet?"

Herman wasn't much interested at this point, but since he was caught in the crowd he stuck around. To tell the truth, the crowd had grown so by this time that Herman couldn't have left if he had wanted to. He had been pushed by the crowd right up front and was facing the mustached huckster. The sharp-featured salesman continued.

"Do I hear any offers for this Magic Baton? Come on, now, ladies and gennulmen, this here stick will bring you real luck! With it, all you got to do is say the magic words 'POOSH' to get what you want and 'HSOOP to get rid of something! It is the latest from the Windy City!" the salesman said.

"Honest?" Herman asked.

"I ain't nothin' BUT, buddy. You're talkin' to the most honest pitchman — oh I see what you mean, buddy. You mean will it really work?" The salesman got a gleam in his eye that matched the gleam on Herman's brass buttons.

"Yes," Herman ventured, "will it really work?" If it would work, Herman thought, this would solve all my problems. I could get Fuzzy a birthday gift, and — but then Herman remembered the state of his finances. All he had in his pocket was one well-rounded cigar hole.

But salesman was not to be denied. "What would you give me for this here magic stick, buddy?' he asked. "You got \$500?"

The crowd laughed. Whether they laughed at the thought of someone like Herman having \$500 or the high price for a wooden stick no one could say. But Herman answered the question. "No," he said.

The gleam was still in the pitchman's eye. "How about \$250? I'm a reasonable man—and this is the only GUARANTEED stick I own!"

Herman fingered his four brass buttons, one at a time. The pitchman followed his fingers and seemed to be closely examining the buttons. "I don't have any money at all," Herman said.

The salesman looked even more closely at the buttons. "Well, I'll be dogged," he admitted. "I been lookin' for a fine set of shiny brass buttons with my initials on them for a

ZOO FUNNIES

long time. They would give my show some class, you know! Would you be willin' to part with them buttons for this magic stick?"

"But that stick is worth a lot of money," exclaimed Herman, squirmin' "And besides these have MY initials on them!"

"Not while my name is Harry Excratapfersonthinser, they don't!" the pitchman yelled, yanking out a small pair of scissors. "Is it a deal?"

And before Herman could say much more he had gained one small wooden Magic Baton and lost four shiny brass buttons that read HE HE HE HE from the top down. The crowd around the man with the suitcase was now gathered around Herman. There was no one else to gather around since the man with the suitcase had packed and gone. The crowd, too, seemed to say HE HE HE HE from left to right only they seemed to be laughing at Herman and his magic stick more than they seemed to be reading initials on brass buttons he didn't own anymore.

With a sense of loss Herman quickly left the rowd and headed down a side street. Maybe he had been took! Now he didn't even have a button to his name! Or with his initials, either. But before he'd gone very far, Herman stopped to examine the stick in his hand closely. Maybe there was something to it! Who knows, he thought, maybe I got me a real deal! The whistle of a hot dog stand tooted plaintively as Herman took a good stare at the stick. It had funny writing on it and was twisted and old-looking. The hot dog stand tooted again.

That gives me an idea, thought Herman hungrily. If this stick will work, the least it could do is get me a hot dog! But what are the magic words! As Herman was thinking about the right word to say, a fat woman and her fatter son were on the other side of the hot-dog stand debating something.

"You've had nine hot dogs already," the fat woman said to her fatter son, "and that's enough for any normal, healthy, growing boy!" "But, momma," griped the young fatso, "how'll ever grow up to be a big fat man like daddy if I don't eat right?"

Those were the words that caused Fatso Gillicudy's tenth hot dog to sail over the stand propelled by momma, and land in Herman's open hand as he thought and spoke the magic word POOSH! Needless to say, the effect on Herman was as though all the wonders of the world had been revealed to him. Soon he took it for granted as the work of his magic stick. Then he wondered to himself — what if I said the word for it to disappear?

This same second Fatso Gillicudy was on his way around the stand to retrieve his missed hot dog. With a woosh and a spin, Fatso grabbed the dog out of Herman's open hand just

as Herman said HSOOP, staring at the stick. Of course, the effect on Herman was tremendous! Here, he figuded, I have the answer to all my problems forevermore!"

Shaugnessy O'Hallahoo, the cop on the beat, was just happening by, twirling his stick in an unconcerned manner when he overheard Herman say aloud, "Now I'll take this rod and pull something BIG!"

This was good enough for Shaugnessy. He fixed an eye on Herman and followed him down the street, and sure'n he was ready fer iny funny bizness. When he saw Herman enter the WRONG FORK BANK, he was convinced something was up! He approached slowly, keeping his club at the ready position as Herman approached the teller's cage in the bank. Herman was holding the stick in the air and repeating POOSH over and over and wishing for lots of money, but it didn't work. Herman stared at the bars of the cage and said, loud enough for O'Hallahoo to hear him, "Holding this stick up in the air won't do it. I wish I was behind the bars — then I'd get —"

A crash of O'Hallahoo's shillelee (Brooklyn spelling) on the dome of Herman brought his wondering to an end. The next thing Herman saw after the stars brought on by the cop's club was the face of the sharp-featured Salesman who had sold him the magic stick. When Herman looked further he saw he was behind bars — as he had wished. Jail bars, that is.

To make a long argument brief, Herman was sore about the stick (and his head was sore, too) and the salesman. The salesman asked him why he didn't believe the stick ws magic. Herman's response: "So why are we both in jail if the stick is so smart? I ask you! Now they're going to use that stick as evidence against BOTH of us — it's on the police sergeant's desk right now!"

At that moment the both of them were called out for questioning by the police sergeant. It seems that the stick had disappeared from his desk!

"We wanna get the facts, you guys, just the facts!" said the unsettled sergeant. "Now tell me where in the Dum-Da-Dum-Dum is that stick?"

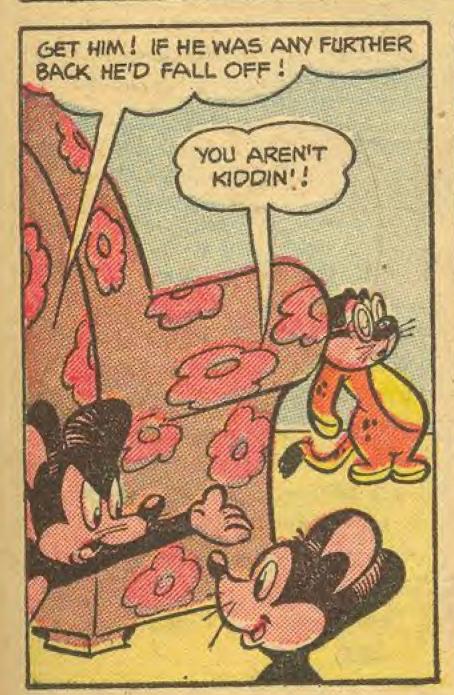
But the boy's didn't know. And they were released because of lack of evidence — there was no stick to prove they had done ANY-THING. Perhaps if the sergeant had bothered to check the mouse nest behind his desk in the wall, he'd have discovered something interesting — like a stick.

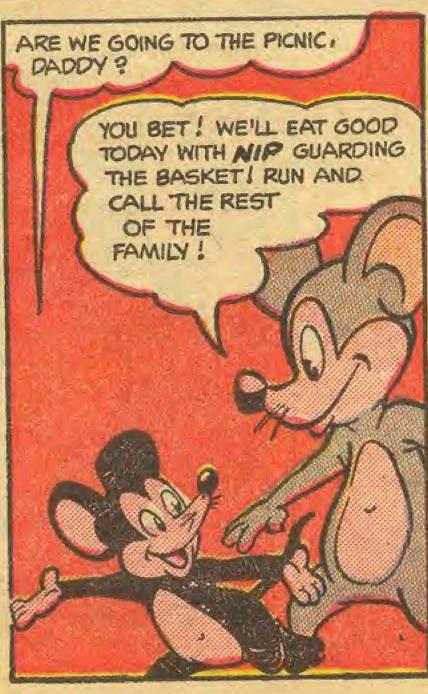
Herman was so glad to get out of jail he ended up going to Fuzzy's party and having a grand time — without a present. His PRESENCE was better than his PRESENTS to Fuzzy. Maybe the stick was magic. Could you say not?

The End







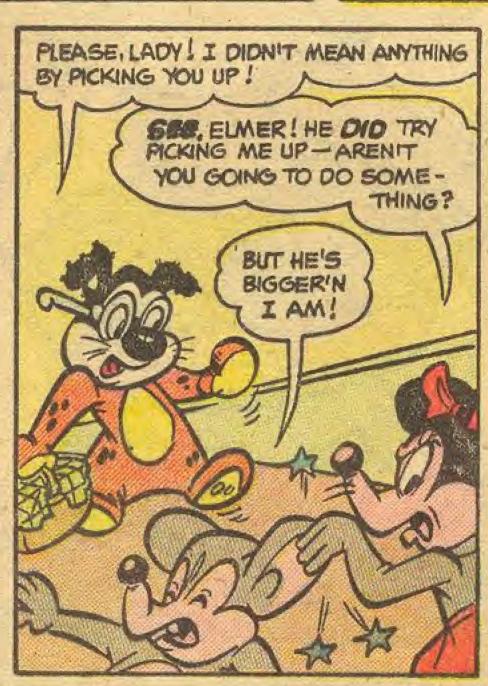






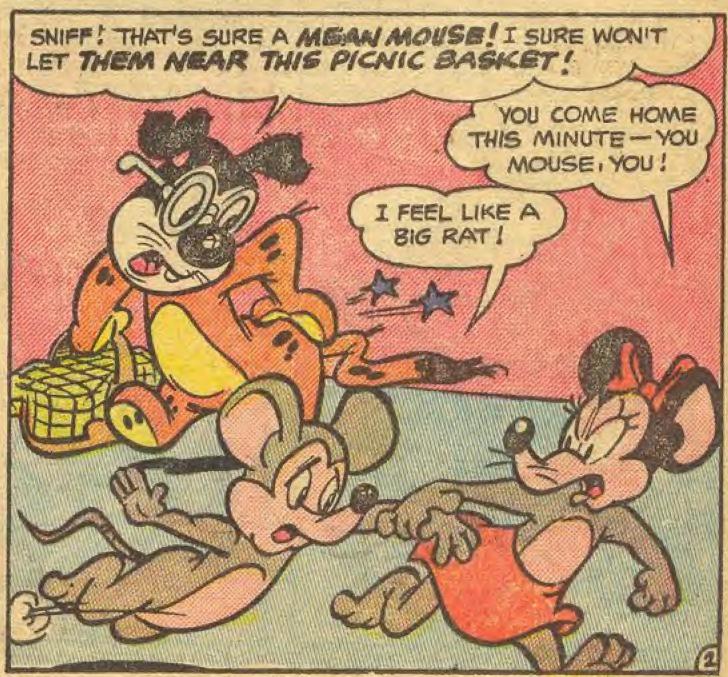




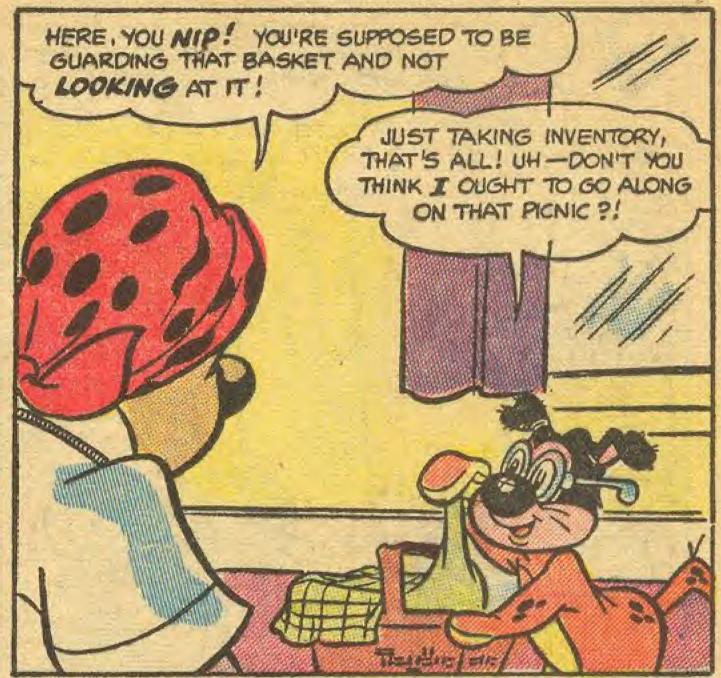












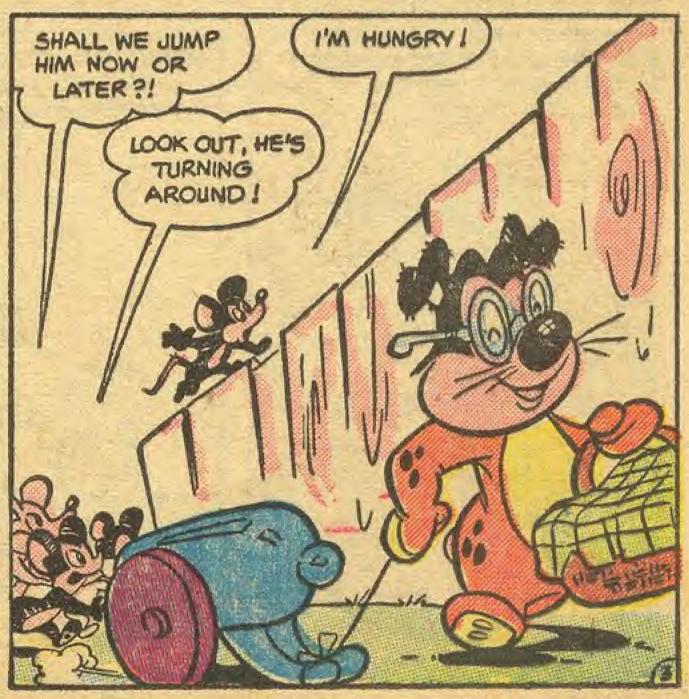






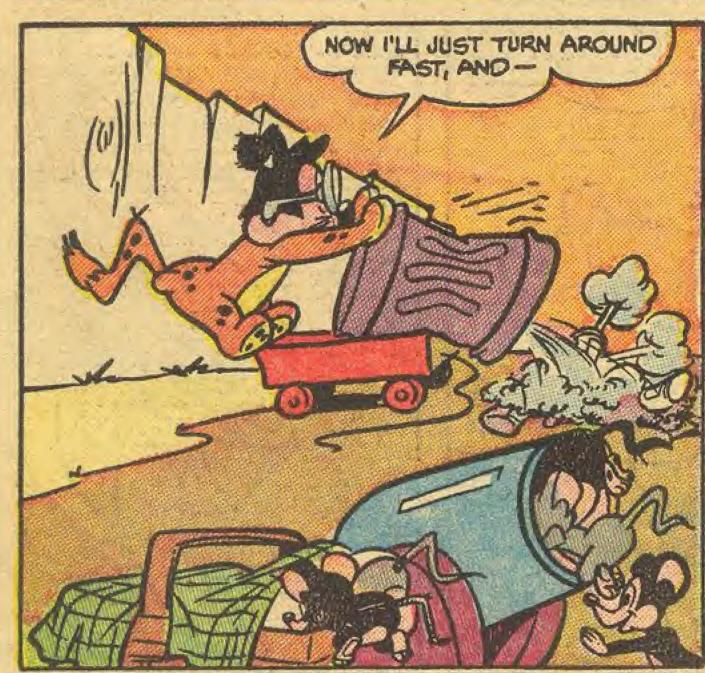
WELL-IT SOUNDS LIKE A SCHEME











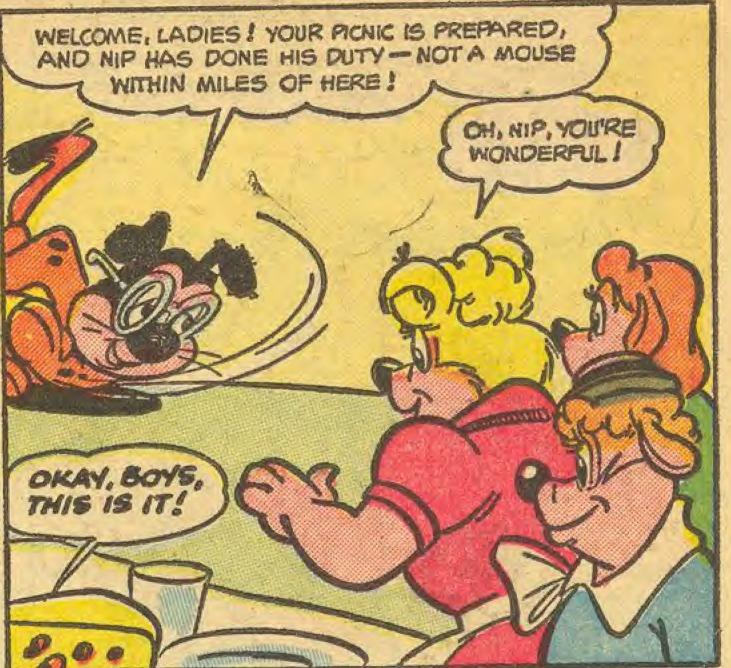


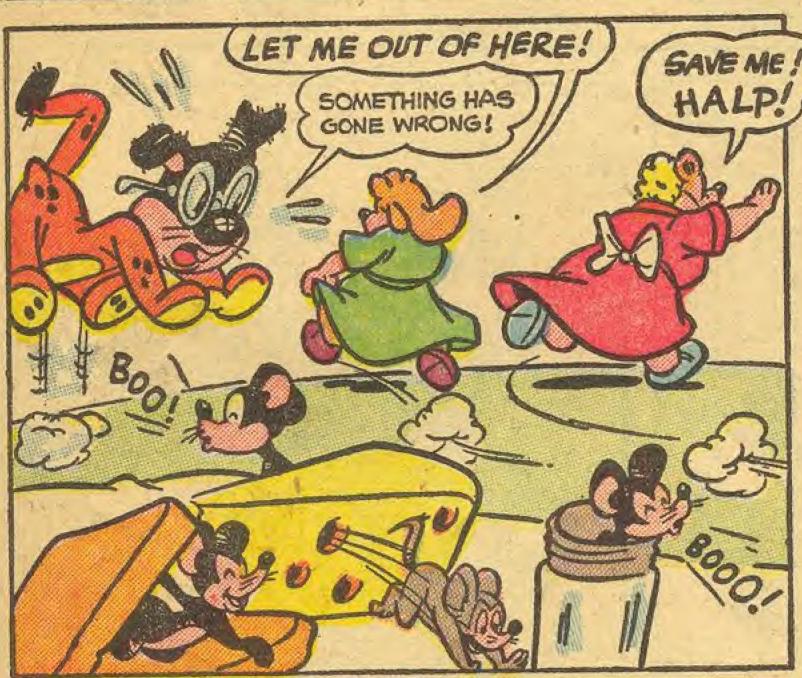




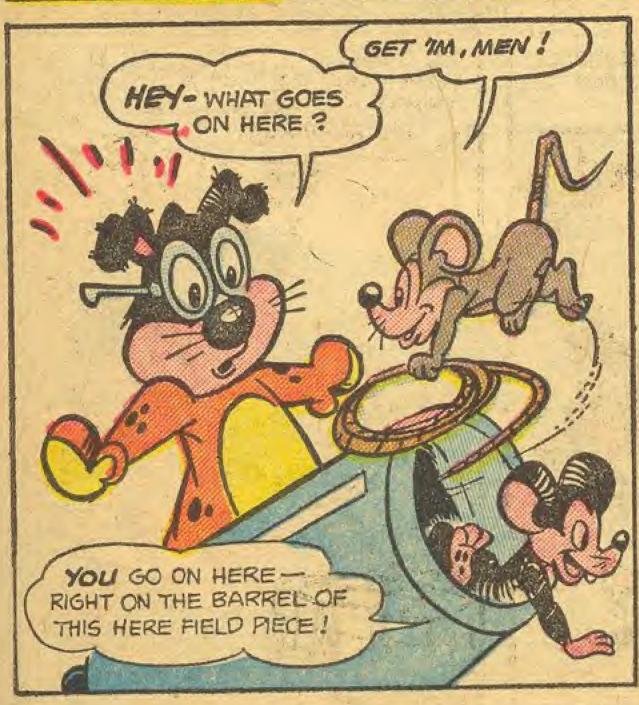


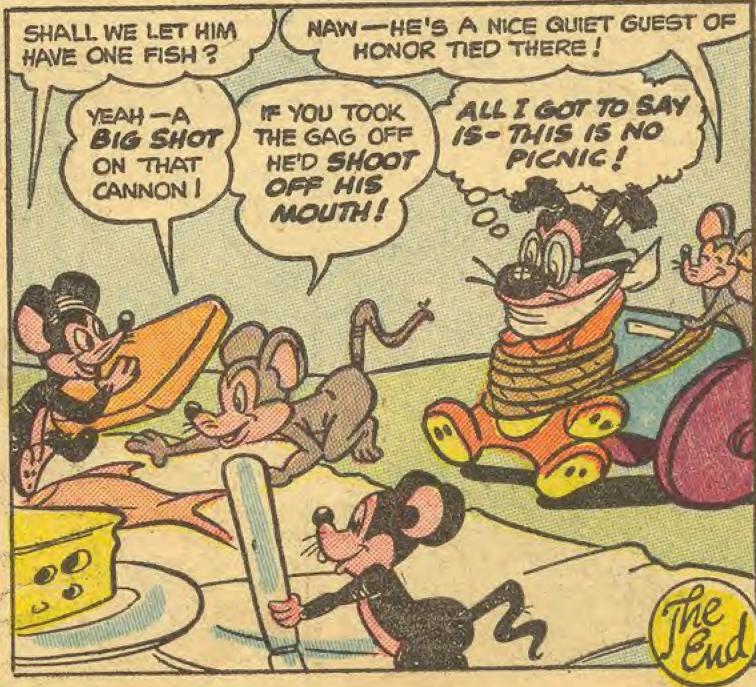




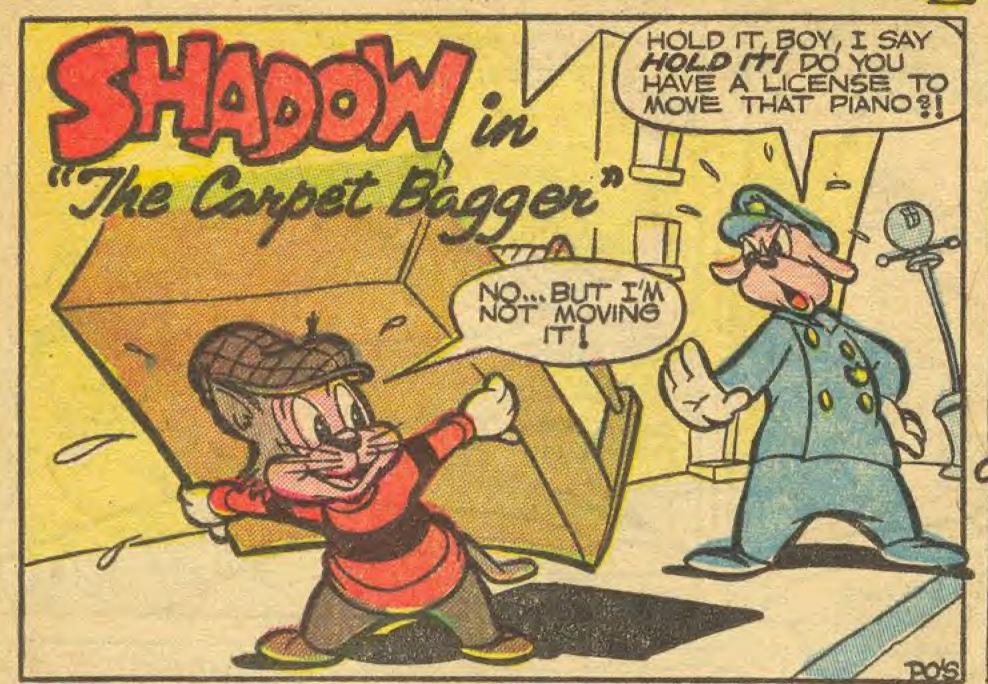




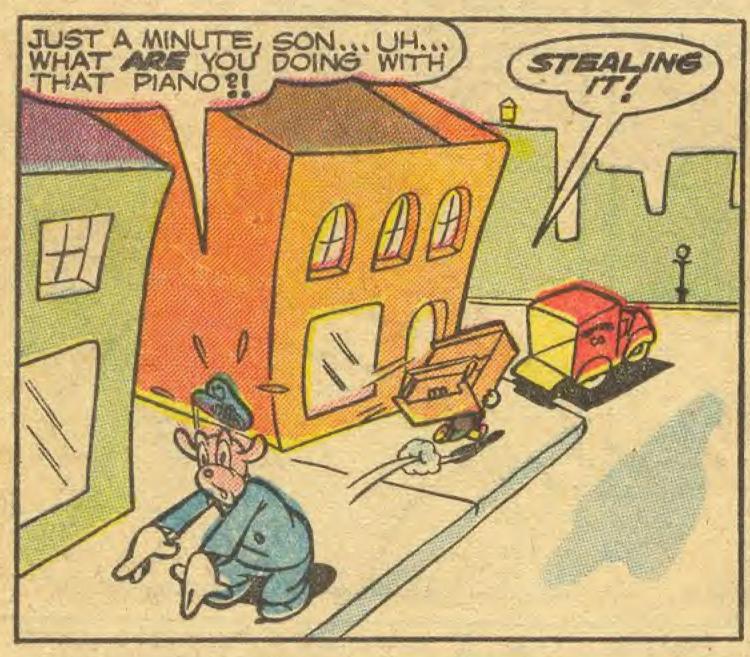




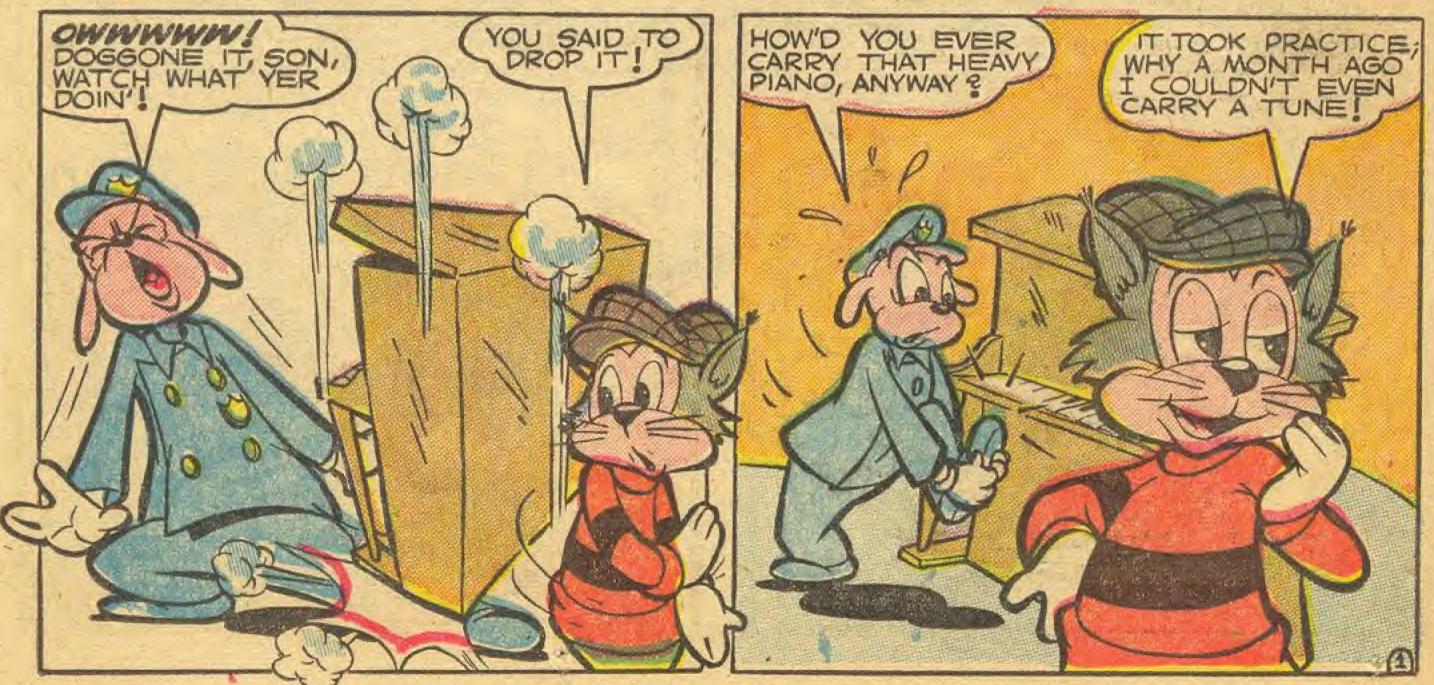
200 funnies



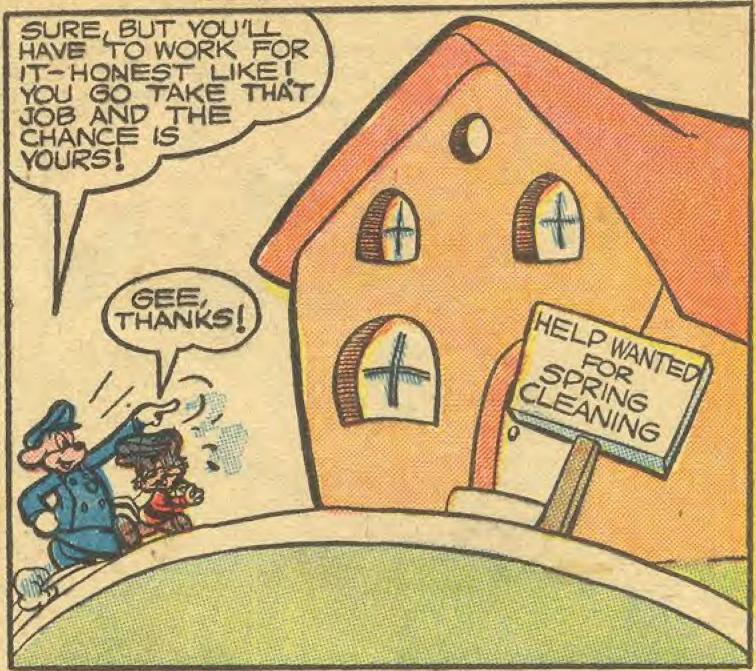












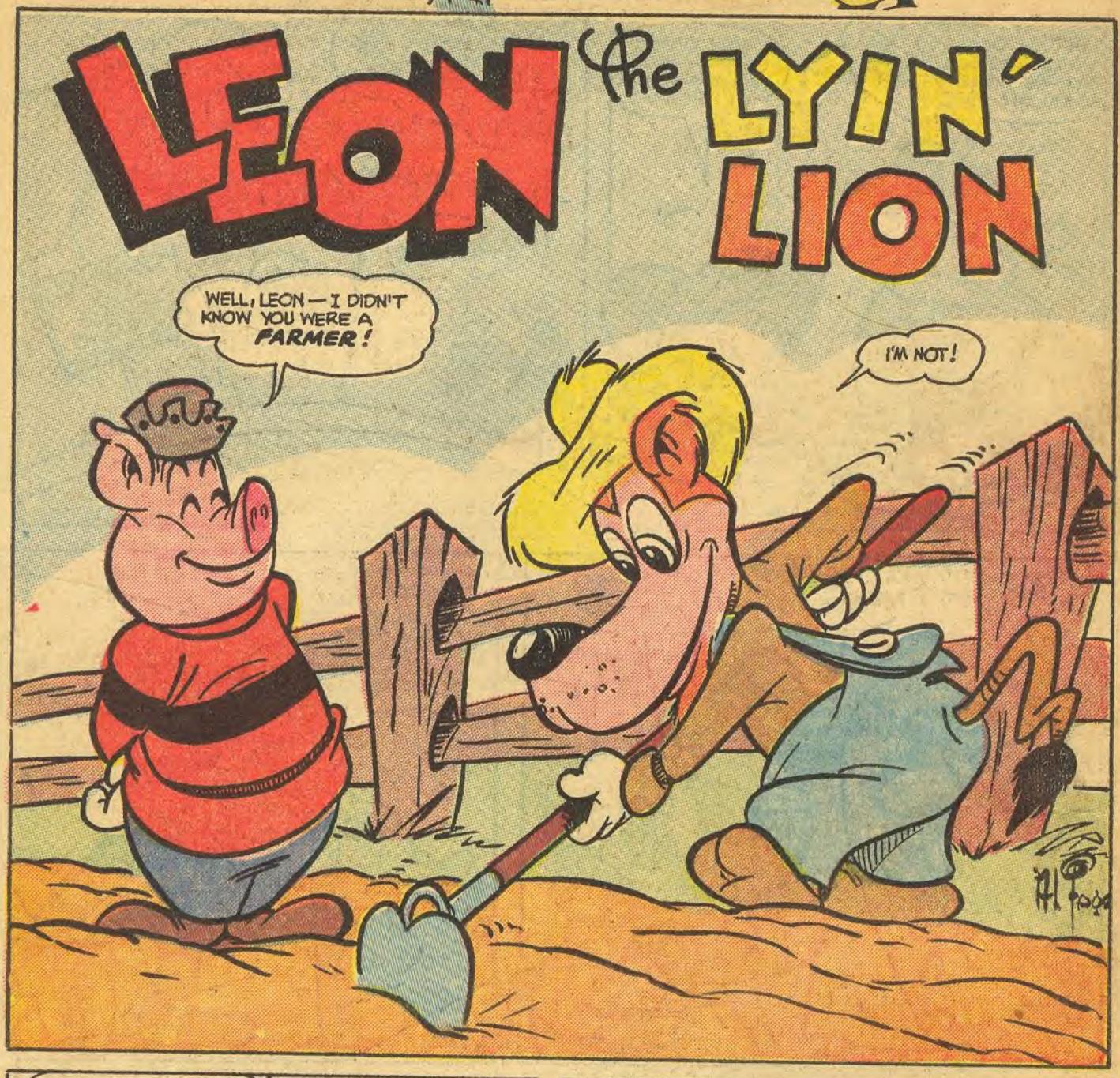


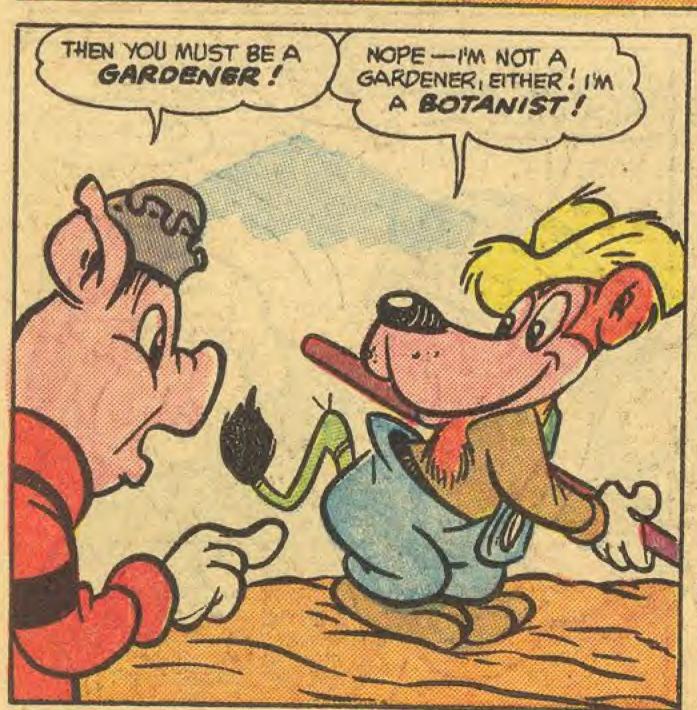














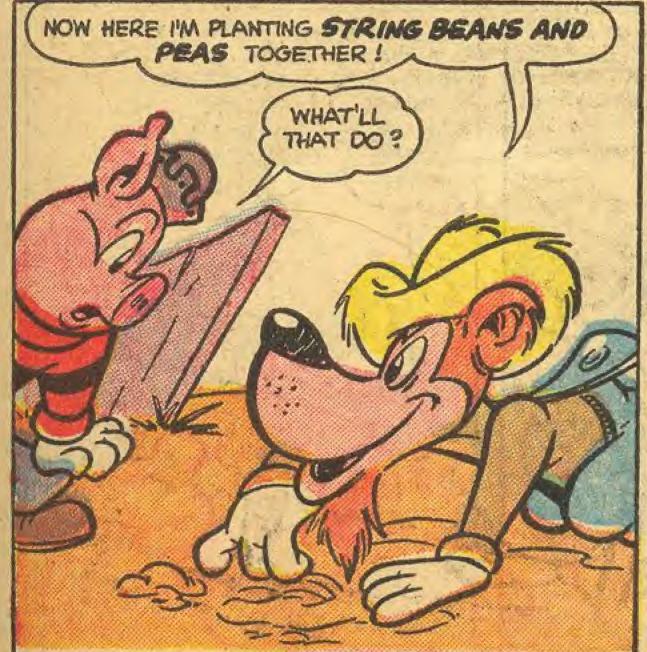




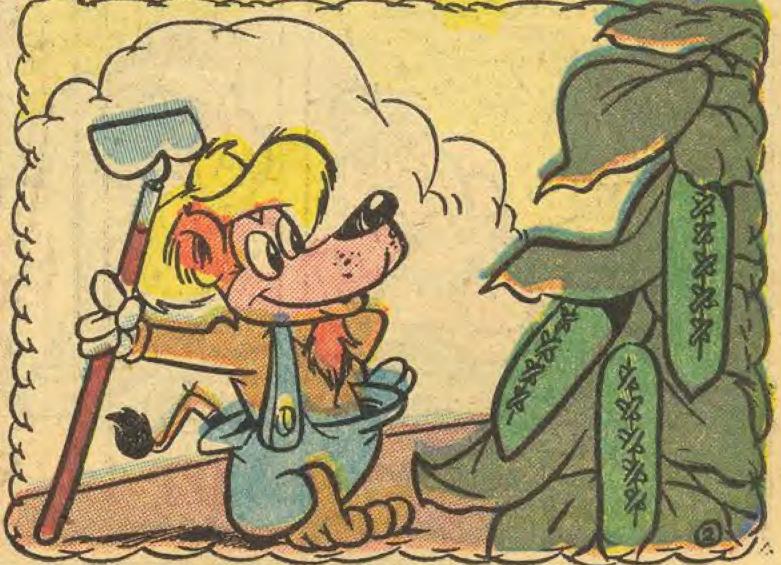






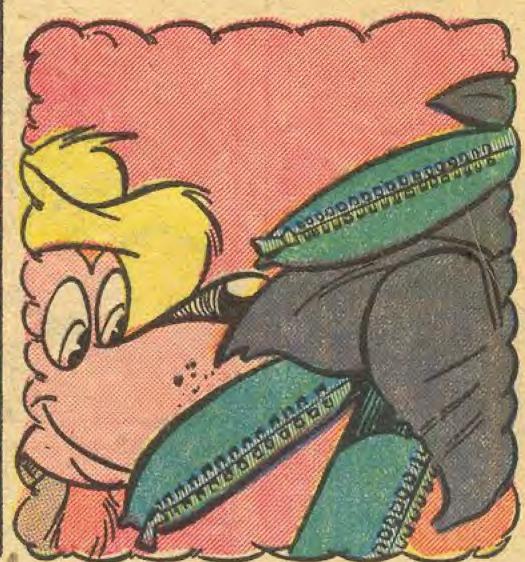








"-- AND WHEN IT GROWS THE PEA PODS WILL DEVELOP BUILT-IN ZIPPERS SO THEY'LL BE EASIER TO SHELL!"

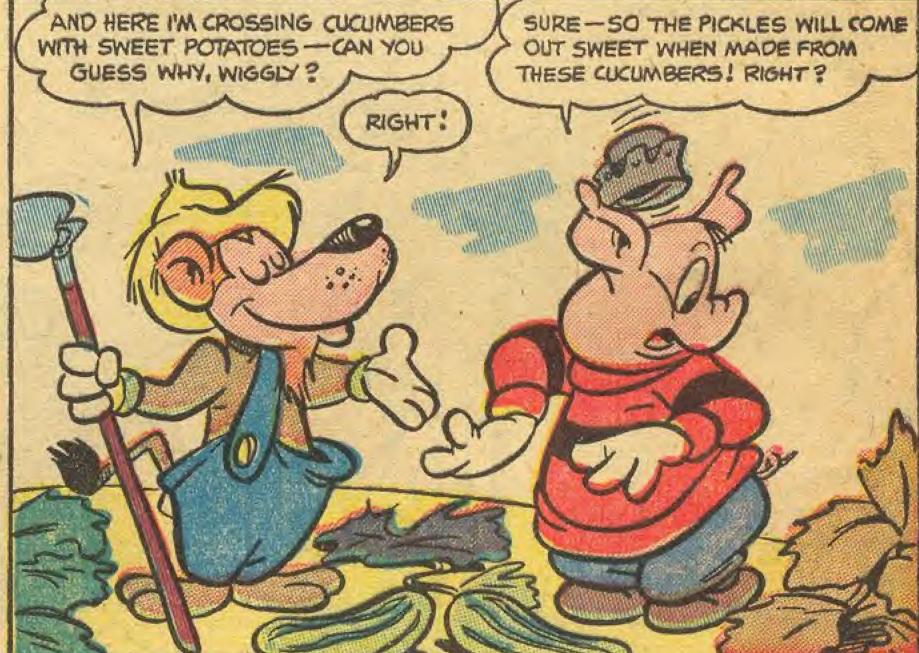




"OF COURSE I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU THE EFFECT OF THIS!"

"NO-I CAN GUESS, LEON!"

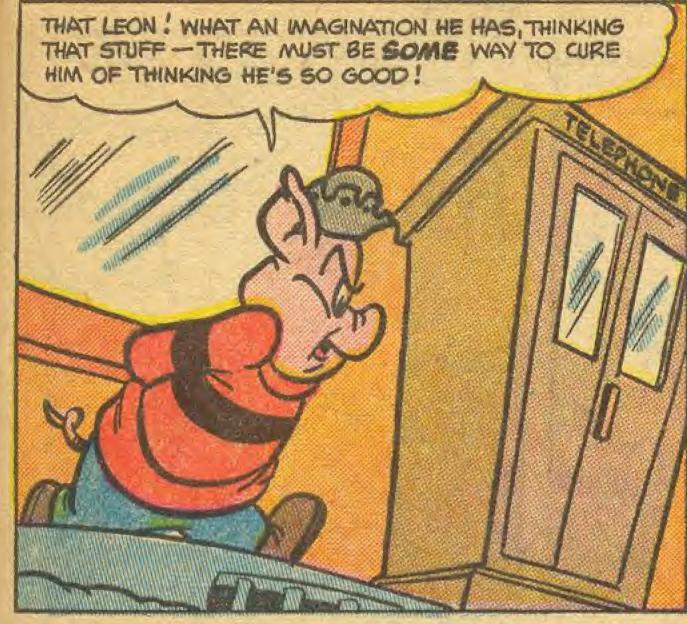


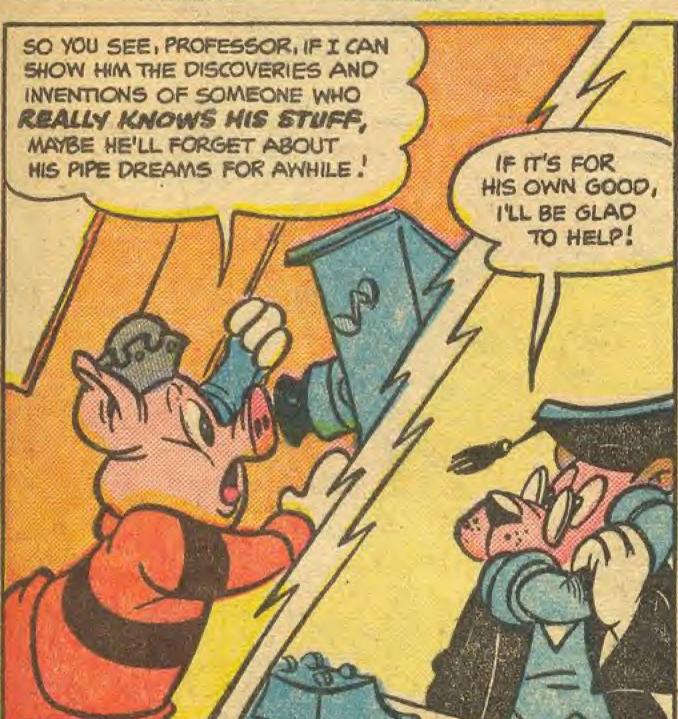




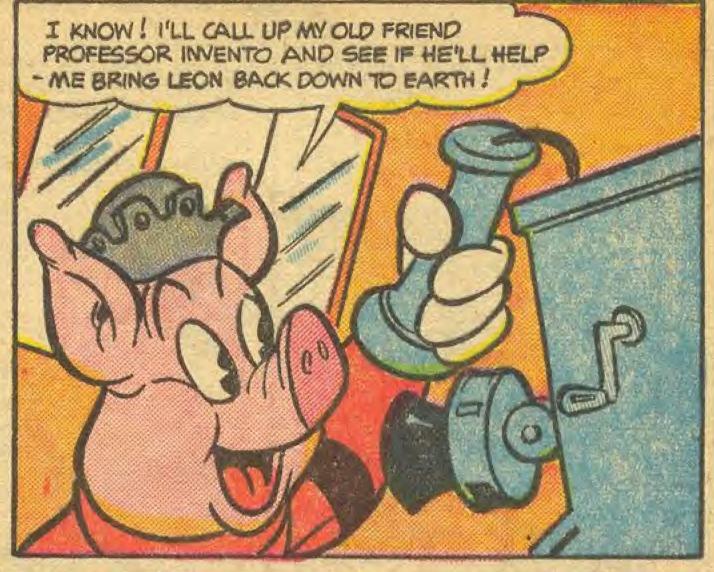




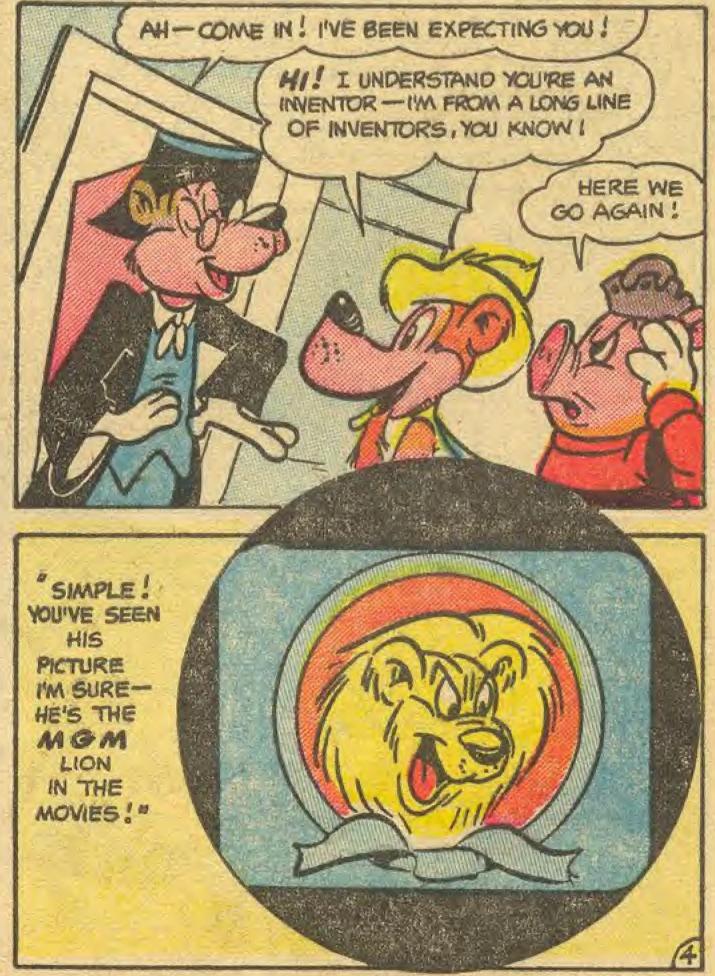








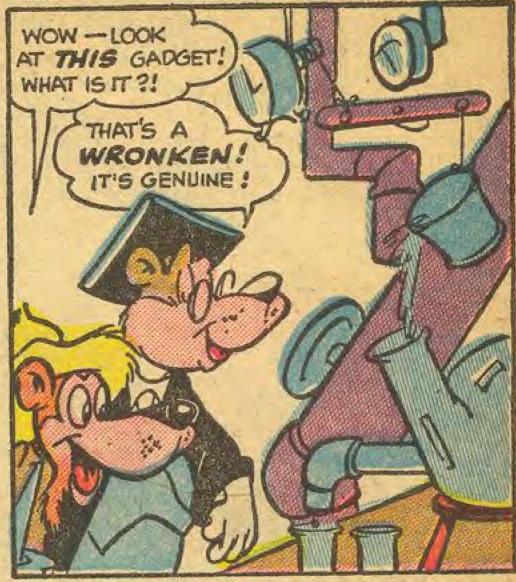






UH-YES, OF COURSE! HERE'S A
POPULAR INVENTION OF MINE-IT'S
A THANKS GIVING GUN--YOU
FILL IT WITH CRANBERRIES AND
CAN SERVE EVERYONE AT ONCE BY
FIRING IT AT THE TABLE!





SOMETHING SPECIAL?



THEN WHY DID YOU

I WANTED TO BE KNOWN AS
INVENT IT?

WRONKEN!

HOW ABOUT THIS
CLOCK — IS IT
SOMETHING

S. LIKE

YES, THAT'S NY

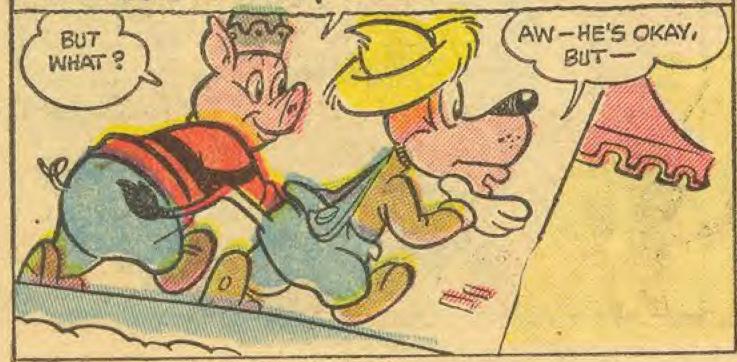
SMELLALARM—IT

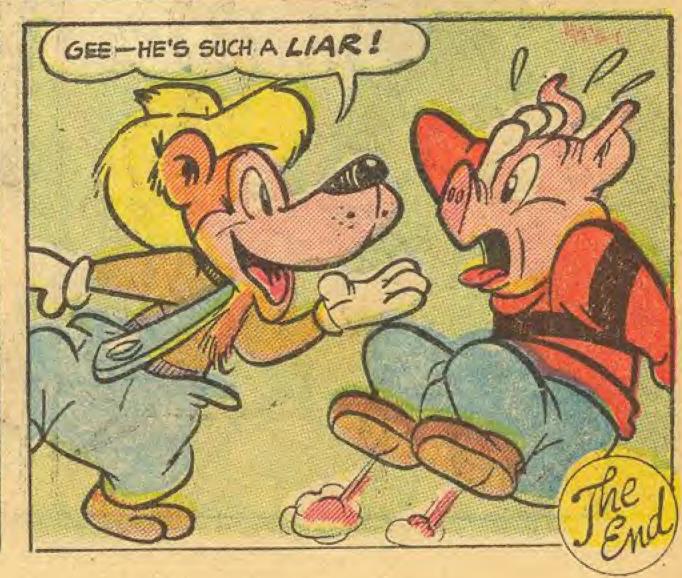
DOESN'T HAVE A

BELL ON IT!

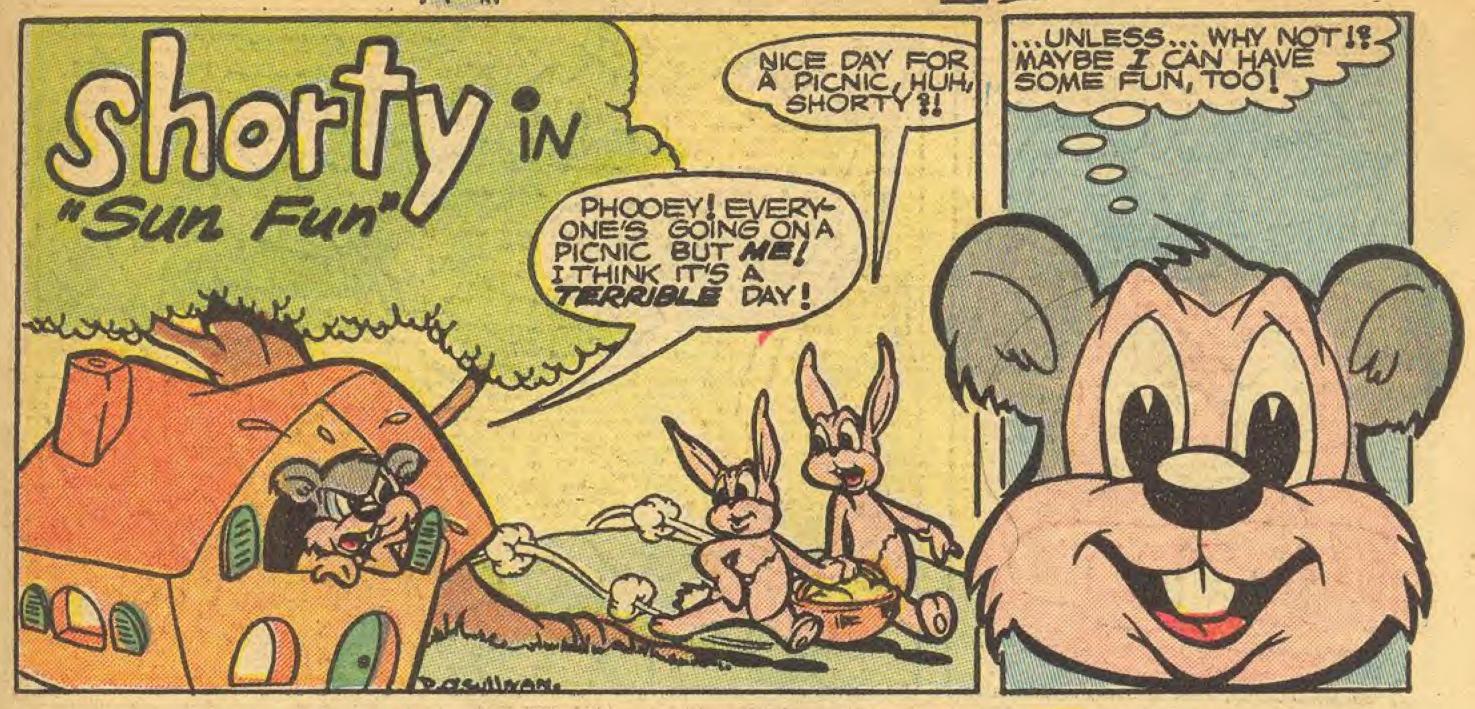


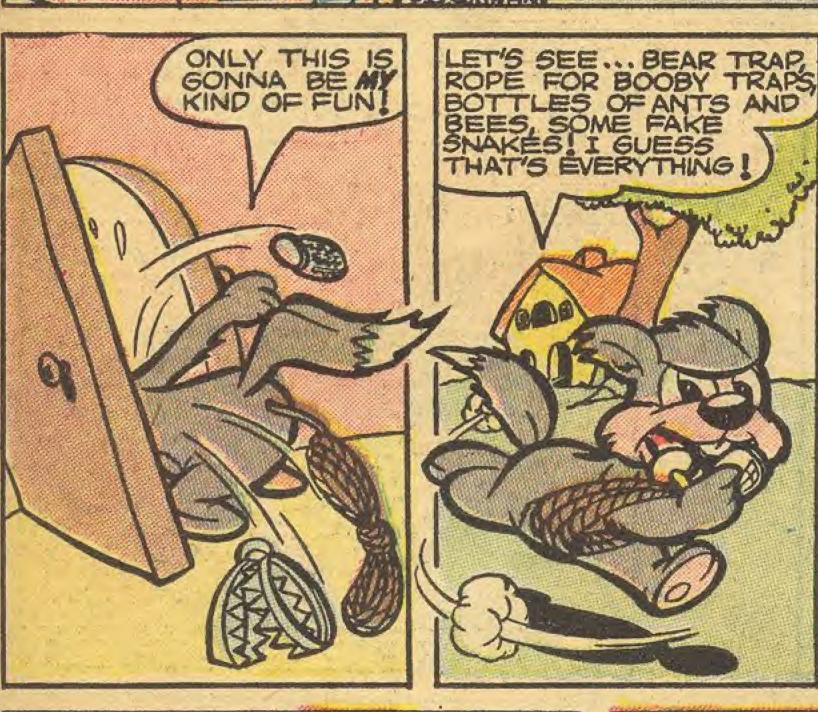
WELL, NOW THERE WERE SOME INVENTIONS YOU COULD SEE
RATHER THAN JUST TALK ABOUT! HE'S A REAL
INVENTOR, ISN'T HE? EVERYTHING HE SAID HE INVENTED
WAS RIGHT THERE, WASN'T IT?

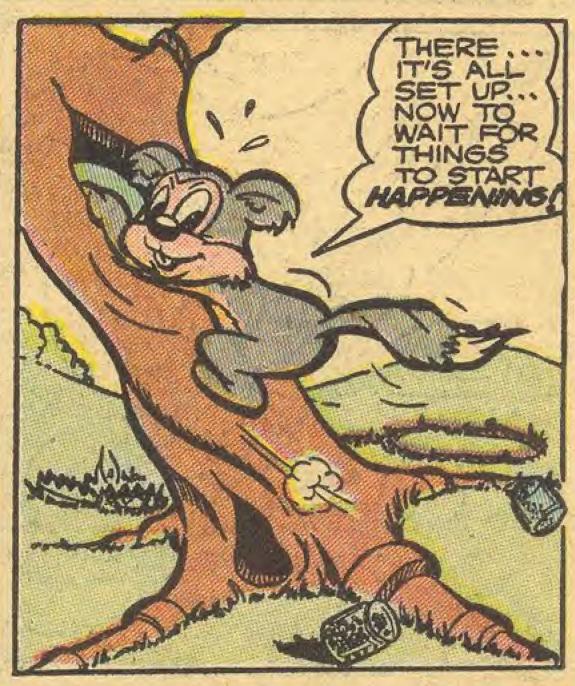


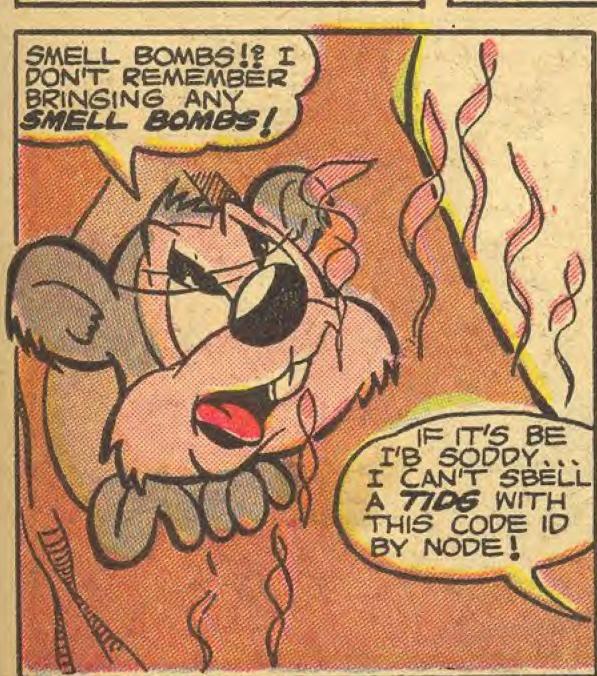


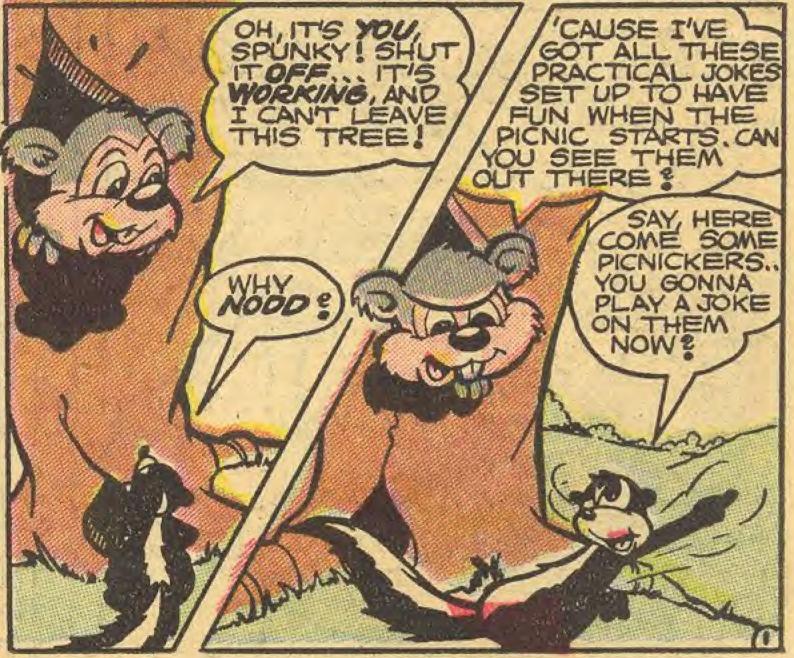




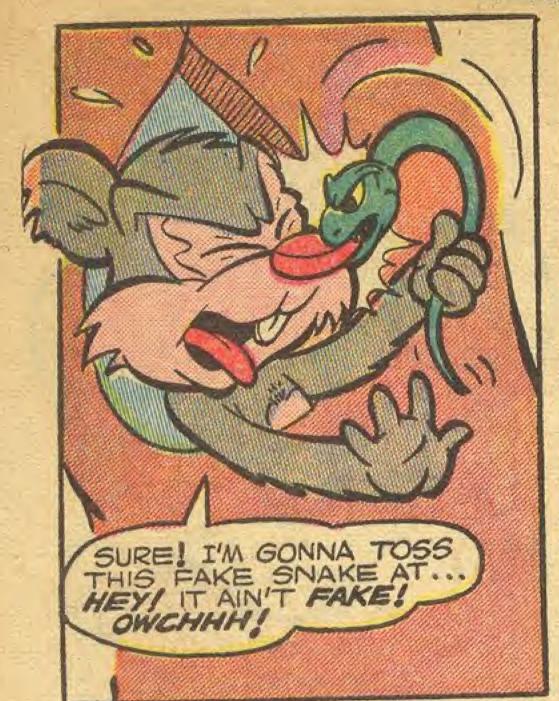


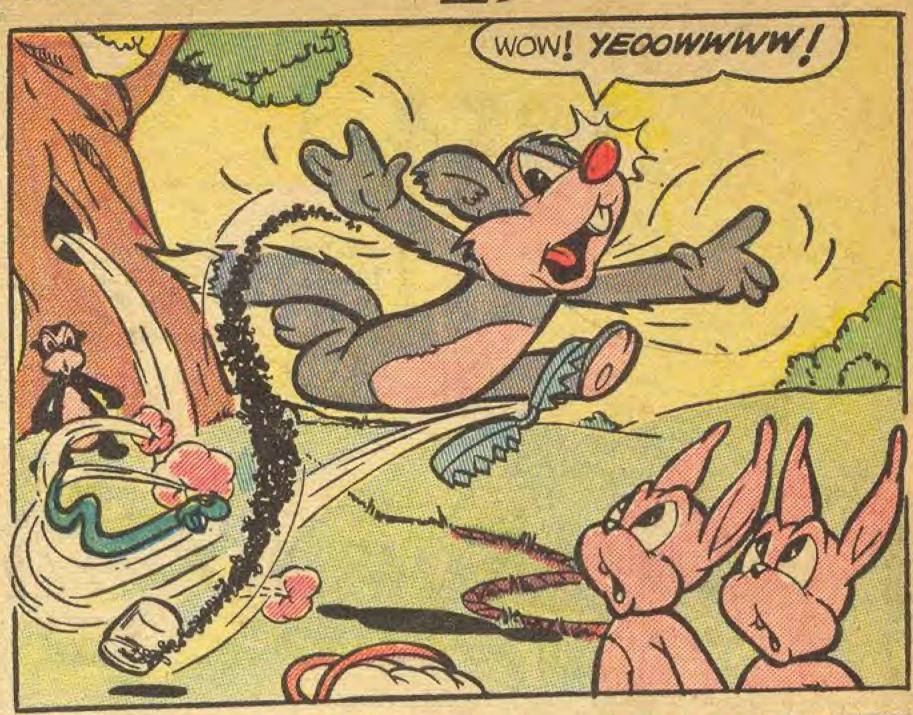


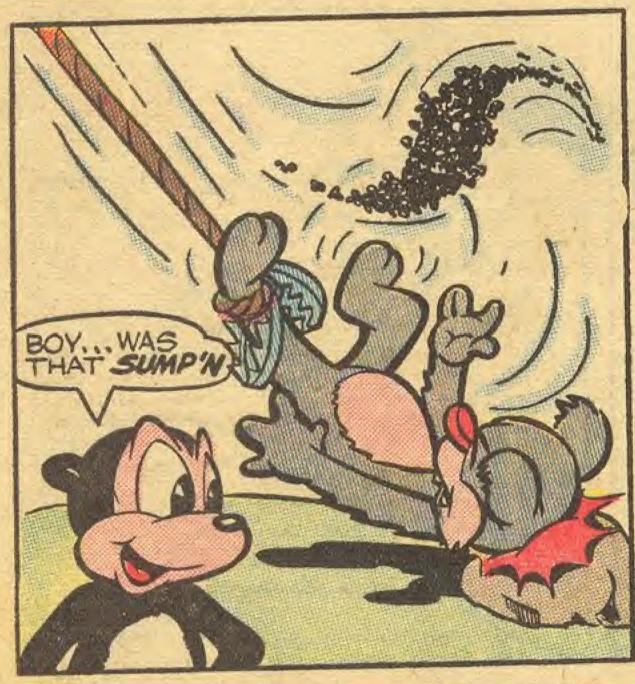




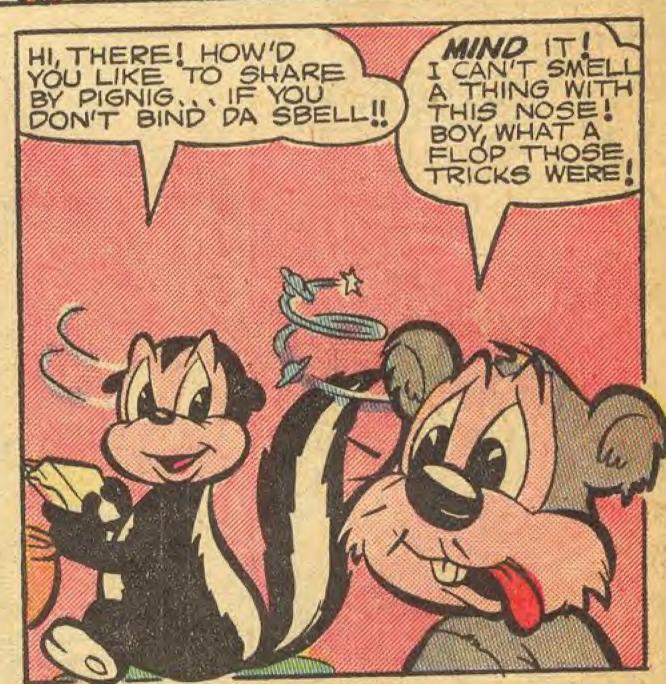
% Zoo funnies &



















This handsome stamp shows the United Nations Flag of blue, with a white design in center. Border of stamp is in red; includes five official UN languages.



2 "Peoples of the World" stamp, designed by famous artist. Again, the border spells out "United Nations" in five official UN languages.



3 This "poster in ministure" shows the famous UN building in New York. Designed by the Mexican artist Leon Helguera.

PRIZED SET OF 4 OFFICIAL

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"How to Collect Stamps," also contains expert advice on watermark varieties and other apparent duplicates; how to enjoy and profit by duplicates; how to use stamp hinges. It is illustrated with how-to pictures, contains clear, step-by-step instructions that can be of great value to you in your stamp collecting.

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